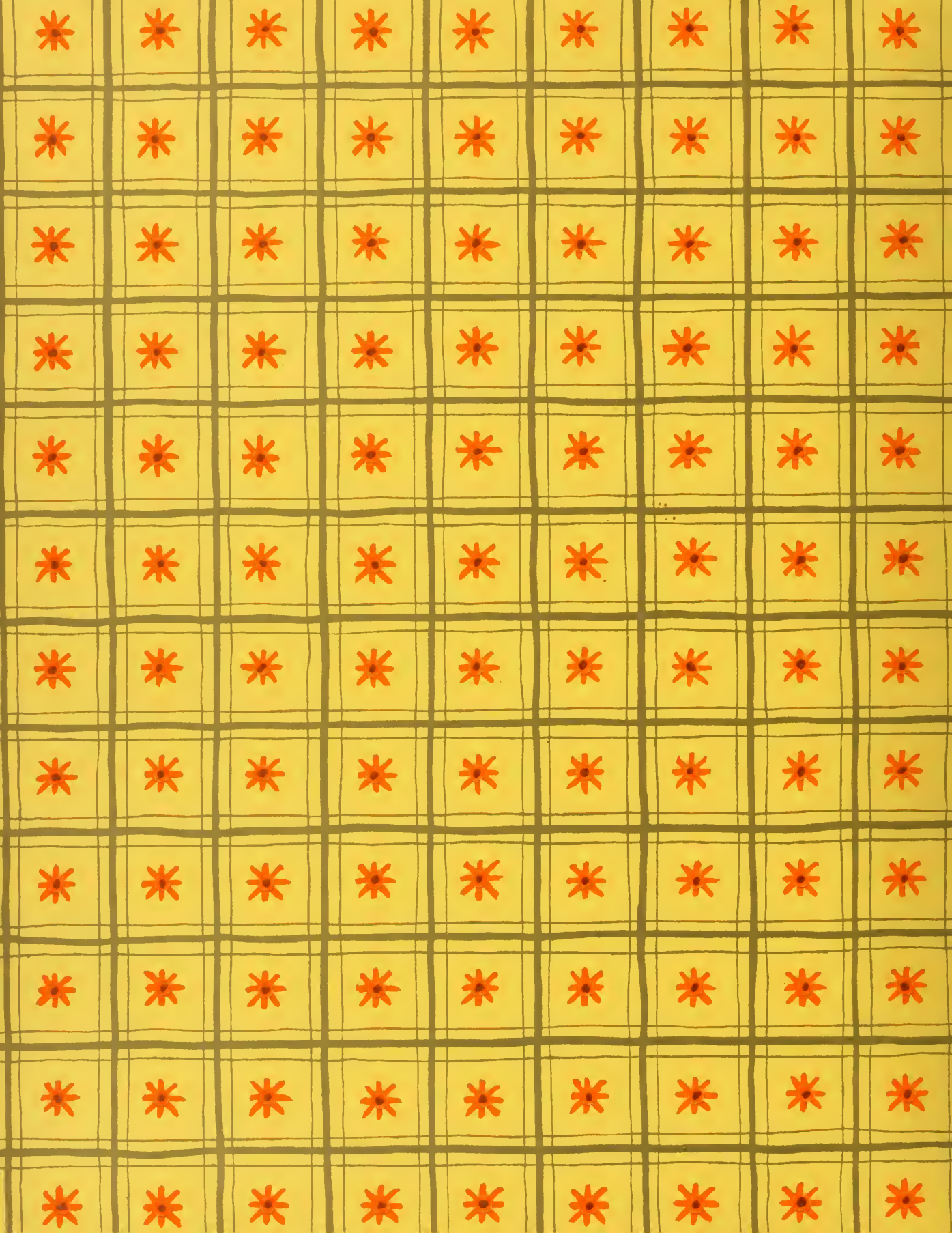
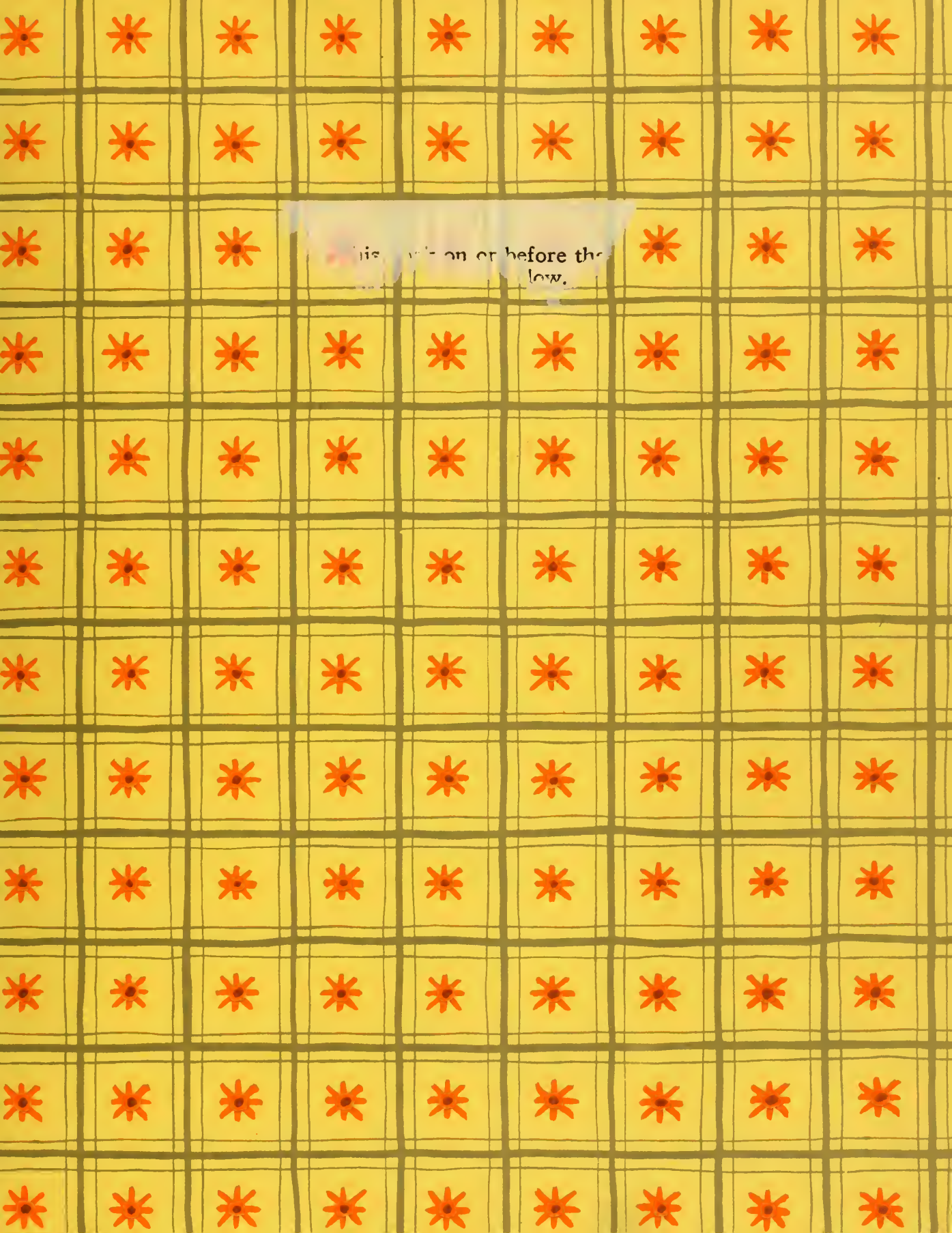


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Illinois Grows Up







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ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY

Illinois *Grows Up*

by

FRANCES L. BLATCHFORD

and

LILA W. ERMINGER



Illustrations by

LOUISE PARSONS STANTON

A. C. McCLURG & CO.

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You will find

From A to Z



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An Alphabet of Illinois



- | | | |
|----------|---|----------|
| A | <i>for Algonquins bold,
the early red men here—</i> | a |
| B | <i>for the friendly Braves,
who hunted without fear.</i> | b |
| C | <i>for the swift Canoes
of Louis Jolliet—</i> | c |
| D | <i>for devotion true,
as found in Père Marquette.</i> | d |
| E | <i>for the Early French,
explorers in our land—</i> | e |
| F | <i>for the French Fort Chartres,
till England took command.</i> | f |

G *for George Rogers Clark,*
 a hero brave and right— **g**

H *for John Kinzie's House,*
 Fort Dearborn just in sight— **h**

I *for Illinois,*
 by covered wagons swept— **i**

J *for the laws so Just,*
 that Gov'nor Edwards kept— **j**

K *for Kaskaskia,*
 a mission, fort and mart— **k**

L *for our Lincoln great,*
 of kind and loving heart— **l**

M *for a Man like Grant,*
 who saved our nation's fate— **m**

N *for New Salem quaint,*
 so well restored of late— **n**

O *for our Ogden wise,
fine mayor, all allow—* o

P *for the Products rich,
of factory and plow—* p

Q *for the Quincy cliffs,
where famous mounds still rest—* q

R *for the Railroads fast,
uniting East and West—* r

S *for the public Schools,
with equal chance for all—* s

T *for the winding Trails,
first trod by red men tall—* t

U *for Urbana life,
with books and work and play—* u

V *for the Verses fine,
by poets of their day—* v

W *for broad Waterways,
that lead through prairies fair—* W

X *for the warning sign,
of danger to beware—* X

Y *for the goodly Years,
we sing with cheerful praise—* y

Z *for the earnest Zeal,
of past and present days.* z



NOTE: The bird shown on the title page of this book is the cardinal, the state bird of Illinois. The decorations of "An Alphabet of Illinois" remind us, too, that the oak and the violet are the official tree and flower of the state.

Preface

The suggestion of our National President, Mrs. Joseph B. Hutchinson, that an ABC history be written for each state in the Union, has been the inspiration for this book. Because in Illinois people working with children have expressed a desire for accurate and usable stories, our original alphabet verses have been expanded to cover major events and outstanding contributions in our state. Simple language is used so that the subject of each story, not the process of reading, may receive attention.

We wish to express our thanks to the Chicago Historical Society for the verification of facts and to Carl Sandburg who so graciously allowed the use of his poem "The Fog." We are grateful to the librarians, teachers and children who have given us advice and assistance. Especially do we value the careful criticism and trained help of Julia S. Ostergaard.

It is our hope that these efforts may lead young people to an appreciation of past and present life in Illinois.

National Society of Colonial Dames of America in the State of Illinois

Marie G. Crerar, *President*

Frances L. Blatchford,

Chairman Historic Activities Committee

Lila W. Erminger,

Erna M. Goodman,

Ellen S. Stuart.



The Algonquins

LONG, LONG AGO, when Columbus sailed from Europe across the wide Atlantic, it took him many months to reach America. Strange-looking people lived here. Because Columbus believed that he was in far-away India, he called the people Indians. They roamed all over these broad lands. They were divided into many tribes.



Those who lived in Illinois belonged to the Algonquin family.

Some Indians were kind and friendly. Others were cruel and fierce. They had red skins and high cheek bones. Their hair grew long and straight. Their eyes shone bright and black. Furry skins of wild animals hung from their waists. On their feet they wore leather moccasins. They stuck feathers in their coarse, black hair, and painted themselves with vivid colors.

The Algonquins lived in little villages along the banks of streams and in groves. Around their wigwams they smoked tobacco. They liked to play ball, to wrestle, and to dance. They could walk or run for a long time without getting tired. The men carried hatchets called "tomahawks." They fished or hunted with bows and arrows. Though the woods were full of animals, and

the lakes full of fish, the Indians took only what they needed.

Indian women did most of the hard work. They planted the crops, and raised the pumpkins, melons, and corn. When the village moved, the women pulled up the wigwams, carried the poles, and set up the new camp. They did all the cooking. They made their clothes with bone needles. Instead of coats, they wrapped themselves in gaily colored blankets. Their short leather skirts were fringed, and their moccasins embroidered with beads.

The mothers called their babies “papooses,” and carried them strapped to their backs on wooden boards. They thought the boards made the children grow straight.

Young children learned to stand pain without crying. The boys chipped stone arrowheads. For the winter they made snowshoes. They built strong, light canoes. They learned how to hunt and how to fight. The girls helped their mothers cook and sew. They prepared deerskins for shirts and leggings. They colored porcupine quills for trimming. They wove grass baskets, and sometimes painted pictures on their water jars. Indian girls liked pretty things, and often strung necklaces of beads or shells.

We think of the Indians as having horses. But horses were brought to this country from the Old World. It’s fun to imagine how the Indians of Illinois felt when they saw their first horse.

One morning two Indian children were busy making candy from maple sap. Suddenly they heard a strange thudding noise.

“What is that?” asked Star Blossom in surprise.

“I don’t know. Maybe it’s a bison,” answered Little Partridge.

Before the children could move a step, a white hunter rode into camp. He was riding on an animal that looked almost as big as a moose. Star Blossom

and Little Partridge shook with fright. They ran through their village shouting, "Come quickly! Come!"

Even Roaring Thunder, their chief, was afraid. He asked in a trembling voice, "What is this animal? Did it come from the sky, or out of the ground?"

The Indians stood still. The man climbed down from his horse, saying kindly, "Don't be alarmed. This is only a horse. He will not hurt you. See, he lets me pat his back. He eats out of my hand. He is a friendly animal."

Slowly the Indians came closer. They admired the horse. Their fear turned to delight.

Then the hunter asked, "How would you like to trade buffalo meat for the horse?"

Roaring Thunder made deep, grunting sounds that meant, "Yes, Yes." Then he said, "Children, run quickly and bring a pot of hot meat for the hungry 'paleface.'"

The whole camp danced with joy. The Indians were happy with their new animal. They learned to ride without either saddle or bridle.



THE INDIAN language is very different from ours. Some of its words are harsh. Others sound like music. We speak Indian words when we say "Mississippi, Illinois, and Chicago." The Algonquins worshipped Nature. Each morning they sang a hymn of praise for the new day. They gave thanks to the earth, the water, the fire, and the air. They said their prayers to the sun. Here is one of their songs that has been changed to our language.

Prayer for Fine Weather

O good sun,
Look thou down upon us;
Shine, shine on us, O Sun,
Gather up the clouds,
Wet, black under thy arms,
That the rains may cease to fall—
Because thy friends are all here on the beach
Ready to go fishing—
Ready for the hunt—
Therefore look kindly on us,
O good Sun!
Give us peace within our tribe
And with all our enemies.
Again, again we call—
Hear us, hear us, O good Sun!

[Reprinted from *Songs of the Coast Dwellers* by Constance Lindsay Skinner. Copyright, 1930, by Coward-McCann, Inc.]

The Friendly Braves

IN THE DAYS when the Algonquins lived here, they had many relatives—uncles and aunts and cousins. They were like the trunk of a big tree with many branches. Each branch had its own name—Kaskaskia, Tamaroa, Cahokia, Peoria, Moingwena, and Michigamea. These six tribes called themselves the “Illini.”

They were fearless, and fine looking. They shot their bows and arrows well. In the woods their step was as soft and quiet as falling snow.

The Braves chose the best prairie lands for their fields and villages. They fought off other Indians to keep their hunting grounds. They were friendly toward the white explorers. Not often did they go on the warpath. They were happy fishing and hunting.

Time passed. The Iroquois Indians from the North and East came to destroy the Illini. They wished to take away the hunting grounds from the Braves. They fought for many months. Little by little, the Illini were driven from their rich lands. The story says that for safety, they took themselves to a huge, flat rock on the Illinois River. Ages before, nature had made this rock. It stood 157 feet above the river. Here the Illini fought bravely until their food was nearly gone. They suffered much. Their water supply gave out. When they dropped water buckets from the high rock into the river, the Iroquois Indians cut the cords. With no food and no water, the Illini slowly starved to death.

Today, this spot is called Starved Rock. Around it is a State Park that belongs to the people of Illinois. There they admire the trees and flowers. They listen to the music of the birds. They gaze at the river bluffs, tall and bare.



The Swift Canoes of Louis Jolliet

FAR NORTH in Quebec, Canada, lived young Louis Jolliet. He loved adventure. Often he went into the Indian country to fish and hunt. He learned to trap wild animals and to trade in furs. In small canoes and on foot he explored the wilderness.

Count Frontenac had been sent from old France across the ocean to be the Governor of Quebec. Many times he talked to Jolliet about his journeys. Again and again he asked for stories of the great Mississippi River. "Tell me," he said, "where does this river flow? Does it lead west to the California Sea? Will it help us to find a short waterway to Cathay?"

And Jolliet answered, "The Indians do not know. Some think it leads south to the Gulf of Mexico. Perhaps it is the way to the riches of India we have sought so long."

"Then we must explore the Mississippi," said Count Frontenac. "We shall send brave men in the name of France. Besides, if we do not explore this land and claim it for France, Spain will take it."

Jolliet was so wise and so trustworthy that he was chosen for the dan-



gerous journey. He took with him Father Marquette, a gentle priest, and five young boatmen. In two canoes, they started out in the month of May. The woods were lovely. The songs of the birds were cheery, and the wind

was sweet. They paddled across the blue waters of Lake Michigan and into Green Bay. Up the Fox River and down the Wisconsin, they traveled. Between the rivers they had to portage. They carried their boats and food on their backs.

Day after day they went on and on through a wilderness of trees. At last they slipped into the Mississippi River. It was so wide and so beautiful that Jolliet and Marquette were speechless. They thought, "What a land this is! What a place for people to live!"

Jolliet and Marquette gazed and gazed at the tall river bluffs. They marveled at the bright prairie flowers. Clouds of jewel-like butterflies hovered over the water. Never before had these forests been visited by white men. They met friendly Indians. They sat around campfires and smoked the pipe of peace. The chief of the Illinois Indians welcomed them with these words: "How beautiful is the sun, O Frenchmen, when you come to visit us."

Jolliet and Marquette ate the food the Illinois Indians gave them. Often the feasts began with corn pudding, and ended with bear's oil and buffalo meat. Rice grew in the swamps, and white plums and sorghum in the lowlands. They shot deer, foxes, rabbits, squirrels, bison, wolves, and wildcats.

For four months the little birch canoes traveled downstream. Jolliet questioned the Indians, and learned that the Mississippi emptied itself into

the Gulf of Mexico. The explorers kept a careful record of all they saw and did. But the Indians warned them not to try to reach the mouth of the great river. Jolliet and Marquette decided to turn back. They chose a new route. They paddled up the Illinois River. Through the Chicago River, they found their way back to Lake Michigan. Then Jolliet and Marquette separated. Jolliet set out for Quebec. But when he was nearly home, his boat turned over. He almost lost his life and his men were drowned. All of his papers were lost. But he had such a good memory that he was able to write again what he had seen and learned. He thrilled the people of Canada with his stories. He told how easy it would be to make a fortune in the new country. He was the first man to see that by digging a short canal, a boat could sail all the way from the Atlantic Ocean down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.



The Devotion of Père Marquette

THE FRENCH PRIEST, Father Marquette, who made the journey with Jolliet had lived peacefully at his Indian Mission at Mackinac. He, too, was eager to see the great Mississippi River.

Woodsmen had brought back stories of a brave and friendly tribe of Indians known as the Illini. Marquette wished to work among them. "I'll miss my Indian children here at Mackinac," he said. "But they have promised to be good and to pray in the chapels until I return."

You remember that Jolliet and Marquette traveled back as far as the Illinois country together, and that Jolliet went on to Canada. Poor Marquette had to go more slowly. He reached the mission at Green Bay and stayed there all winter. He was too ill to travel. During that time, little by little, he wrote a journal of their voyage. These papers were never lost. We still may read his story in the library of the Historical Society at Chicago.



Feeling stronger the next fall, Father Marquette started on his way back to Illinois. But when he reached the Chicago River he was so weak he stopped.

There, in a rough cabin, he spent the winter among the friendly Indians. He wished to teach them the story of Jesus. He dreamed of seeing them without their war paint and working peacefully in the corn fields.

An Indian herb doctor made medicines for Marquette. Slowly he grew better. When spring came he felt well enough to call together all the tribes to preach to them. In the Indian village across the river from Starved Rock an open-air meeting was held. There, in the Illinois country, he built his mission. The Indians thought of Marquette as “an angel from heaven.” Never had they seen so loving and gentle a man. With no comforts, and hardly any strength, he went about doing good. He spent his whole time making happiness for others. He taught the Indians love and kindness. They wished him to stay with them. But Father Marquette wanted to tell more Indians about God, so he tried to journey on. He crossed the lake. One sad day he died quietly in the woods. In the spring the Indians made a long train of thirty canoes. Tenderly, they carried Father Marquette back to the little chapel at Mackinac.

Today, when we travel through this woodland country that Marquette so loved, we read his name. Sometimes you will hear of him as “Père Marquette” because “Père” is the French word for father.



The Early French

IN A FAR-AWAY LAND across the Atlantic Ocean is the country of France. Long ago, only brave strong men dared to cross the ocean. The boats were small. The voyage lasted many months and was full of dangers. But stories about a large and beautiful land excited the Court of France. Lords and ladies began to wear finer richer furs. "These came from Canada," they proudly said. "See how soft and lovely they are. Our traders get them from the Indians for little more than a knife or a handful of beads."

Young men knew that by trading for furs, they could become rich. "Let us go to the New World," they said. "We can make our fortune and help hold this favored land for our King."

So they came to this country and called it New France. They taught the Indians to speak French, and they themselves learned the Indian languages. They made up funny names for the Indians. They called them "Short Ears," "Foxes," and "Jumpers."



Singing gay songs in wind and sun, in cold and rain, the French floated down the beautiful rivers and lakes. They were light-hearted and brave. Unafraid, they went into the wilderness. They were a religious people. Wherever they went a priest traveled with them. They set up posts for trading. They erected forts for the soldiers. As furs are thickest when the weather is cold, often trappers stayed all winter in the forests. They were called “coureurs de bois” or “runners of the woods.”

The French treated the Indians like free men, and fitted well into their new life. They did not try to take all the land. For nearly a hundred years, they lived at peace with the Indians.



Explorers in Our Land

COME WITH ME, TONTI.

Come across the ocean,” said young Robert La Salle. “King Louis has promised to let me trade in furs with the Indians and to build forts along the rivers. We will grow rich together and, best of all, win the country for France.

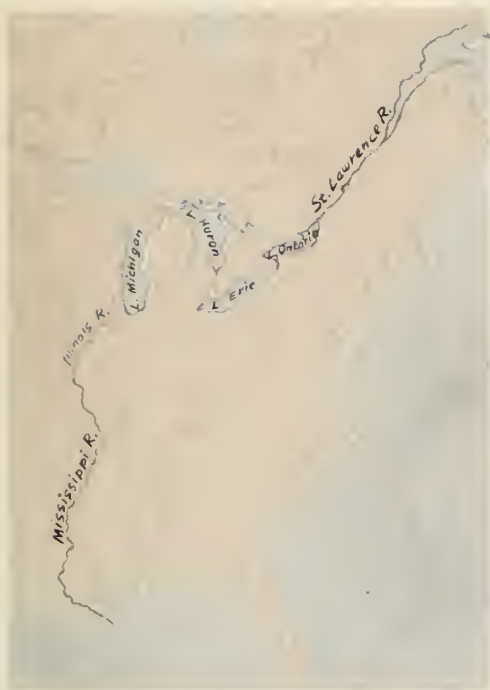
Already I have seen that wonderful land, so much bigger than ours. There is a mighty river, deep and long, called the Mississippi. We shall explore it all the way to its mouth. Come, Tonti, I need you.”

So La Salle, the French soldier, and Tonti, his Italian friend, crossed the ocean and began the long journey through America. Tonti had lost his hand in a war. He wore a metal one to take its place. Everyone called him “Tonti of the Iron Hand.”

We close our eyes and try to see what La Salle and Tonti found. Houses? No. Cities? No. Rivers, lakes, forests, and wild animals. Indians lived in small villages. In all the wilderness there were only a few white fur traders.

With a small band of soldiers La Salle and Tonti floated their canoes





down the Illinois River. They dragged their boats across frozen lakes. When they reached the Mississippi River, they paddled downstream until they came to a warmer land. There the water was muddy, and the woods were green. They trapped muskrats, and shot poisonous snakes. They suffered from heat and mosquitoes. La Salle's soldiers were tired and hungry. Some fell ill, and others wandered off into the wilderness.

La Salle and Tonti found the journey harder and harder. But they pushed on through the thick swamps and narrow passages of water that the Indians called "bayous." They did not stop

until they had found the mouth of the great Mississippi River. There they placed a wooden cross and raised the flag of France. They claimed all of the great valley drained by the Mississippi. They said, "We shall call it Louisiana, in honor of our King, Louis."

La Salle went on planning and working. He knew that Starved Rock would be a fine place for a fort. He built one there, and named it Fort St. Louis. He gathered many Indian tribes around the fort, and Starved Rock became a center of Indian life. The Indians honored La Salle's bravery and courage. They liked his love of silence. To them he was a great hero.

La Salle built other forts and settlements. He gave grants of land to his

countrymen. But before he finished his work La Salle died in the wilderness. Tonti carried it on. In time, from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, a chain of forts held the land for France.



French Fort Chartres



OF ALL THE FORTS the French built, Fort de Chartres became the most important. Its commander, who was a little man, wisely told the Illinois Indians, "My body is small, but there is room in my heart for all of you." He and his soldiers lived at peace with the Indians.

French people are polite and quick. They like to be busy and happy. In the new country they continued their old customs. At Fort Chartres, with laughing eyes and dancing feet, they enjoyed their festivals and balls. Their fine clothes of silk and satin came from France. They were brought across the ocean and up the Mississippi River on boats from New Orleans. Fort Chartres was a bit of old France planted in the New World.

It is interesting to know about the houses the French built. They were made of wood and stone. Most of them had only one story. A mixture of clay and straw filled up the spaces between the large posts or timbers. The outside walls were even and smooth. They were whitewashed with fine lime. Grass or straw was used for the sloping roofs. The floors were made

of wide boards. Most of the houses had dormer windows and porches. Each house had its own flower garden, faithfully copied from the lovely gardens of old France. They were bordered with apple, pear, and cherry trees.

The boatmen, hunters, and farmers were called "habitants." They were simple and honest, kind and obedient. They had no taxes, and no courts of law. The judge decided quarrels. The priest gave fatherly advice.

The French did not live on separate farms. They liked to be sociable. They built their houses close together in small villages. These villages were laid out in the French way. The land was divided into long strips. Slaves and friendly Indians planted and cared for the crops. To plow the fields, they used oxen and wooden plows. The plows were tipped with a small piece of iron fastened to the point with rawhide. The oxen were yoked by their horns. Small wooden carts like those in France were used. No wagons were seen in Illinois for nearly a hundred years after the first settlement.

The most important crop was wheat. Oats, hemp, hops, and some tobacco were also grown. They were shipped in large quantities down to New Orleans. Once, after a great storm, Illinois products saved the people of lower Louisiana from starving.

For a long time, French people were happy on the upper Mississippi. Suddenly everything changed. Across



the ocean England had won a war with France. Fort Chartres and the other French forts were given to the English. The flag of France with its three lilies had to come down. The cross of St. George that stands for England floated over the fort. Many of the French people left their homes and their lands and moved north to Canada. They would not belong to England.

The English built forts and little by little began to drive out the Indians. Among the Ottawas lived a brave chief named Pontiac. He learned some of the white man's ways. He was probably the first American Indian to use money. He made his notes of birch bark. The picture of an otter was drawn on the inside. The otter was Pontiac's mark. He always paid whatever he had promised.

Pontiac loved his people and his land. He made a daring plan. He wished to unite all the tribes, and on the same day attack every fort in the West. He needed to keep his plan a secret, but the English found it out. Pontiac fought bravely. The Indians hid their guns under their blankets. They fought behind trees, or from bushes. They shot burning arrows onto wooden houses and set fire to the forts. But after five months the English won and Pontiac had to beg for peace. He promised to fight no more. He stood straight and brave. His chin was up and his eyes were blazing. He felt that the white men had treated his people badly.

The British controlled Fort Chartres only a few years. A great flood came. The Mississippi River rose so high it swept away part of the river wall. Never again was Chartres used as a fort.

Today, the state of Illinois has made a park and called it Fort Chartres. Inside the walls we find the old well. The house where the powder was kept still stands. The cement in which the stone was laid is as hard as flint. Over it the Stars and Stripes of our American flag now wave.



George Rogers Clark

WHILE some of the English were holding the forts in the West, others had been making new homes—and even building cities—along the Atlantic coast. We know stories of the Puritans who came to the Northeast and called it New England. They found the land cold, hard, and stony. Some of them earned a living by fishing and sailing. Others used the power of the streams to turn their mill wheels. New England became a center of trade.

Farther south, in Virginia, the King had granted large tracts of land to other Englishmen. So little was known of the new country that some of their papers said their land went clear to the Pacific Ocean. In Virginia's richer land, the settlers copied the stately homes of England. In them they put the fine furniture and beautiful linen, silver, and dishes brought from the mother country.

Far from Illinois, in this beautiful colony, there lived a strong and honest man. His name was George Rogers



Clark. He was tall and red-haired. Everybody liked his courage and kindness. As a boy in school, he learned arithmetic well. As a man, it helped him to survey land. But he liked best to hunt and explore the wilderness. He was willing to face the Indians, and like other daring men of his time, crossed the mountains into Kentucky.

In time, England made laws which weakened her colonies. They tried hard to have them changed. When they could not, they became angry and finally fought to gain their freedom. From Virginia came the general who commanded their armies. As you know, he was George Washington. When the people of France learned of the struggle, they wanted to help. A young French nobleman named Lafayette came over to fight on the American side.

Out in Illinois, the English soldiers were making trouble. They were urging the Indians to kill the white settlers. Remember, the English were holding the old French forts. When George Rogers Clark learned of this, he said, "Such conditions will never do. Illinois belongs to us. It must be free." He asked Patrick Henry, the Governor of Virginia, to give him soldiers and money to win the new country. When the Governor agreed, Clark was ready to start. No time could be lost. He chose his men well. "I will march on that land and take the forts," he promised. "I will put American soldiers there."

Colonel Clark made use of what he had learned in the wilderness. He knew how to care for his men. He shared his food and clothes with them. He and his faithful soldiers suffered many hardships. In winter, as they marched through freezing streams, the soldiers carried their rifles and powderhorns over their heads to keep them dry. When the men were worn out and longed to turn back, Clark cheered them on. He loved people so much, he thought of ways to win the land without killing men or hurting women and children. The

Indians respected Colonel Clark and called his soldiers "The Long Knives."

Illinois was so far west that the people knew very little about the war. When Clark reached the French town of Kaskaskia on the Mississippi, he told the people that France was helping the Americans. They hated the British. They were happy to have Colonel Clark and his little American army at Kaskaskia. They waved flags and sang songs. They gave bouquets of flowers to the soldiers. These French people helped Colonel Clark carry out his plans.

With fresh supplies, Clark continued his march. The story of how he surprised the town of Vincennes shows his daring and courage. A cold rain was falling. The soldiers were tired and hungry. They had waded through water almost up to their chins. At last they were near the British fort. No one must know the Americans were coming. No longer could they shoot game for food, or build campfires for warmth. Still another icy stream must be crossed. Clark plunged into the water. He placed his small drummer boy on the strong shoulders of his tall Virginia sergeant. The boy made funny faces. He did lively tricks with his drumsticks. He played a marching tune on the drum. It seemed to say, "Come, come, come!" As the soldiers watched the brave lad, they forgot their cold and hunger. Without murmuring, they moved forward. No one heard them come. Colonel Clark and his soldiers surprised the fort and took it from the British. George Rogers Clark had kept his promise.

In the East the colonists won the war. They called the new country the United States. Illinois became a part of the Northwest Territory. Congress made laws for its government. This Act was called "The Ordinance of 1787." Illinois was American.

Clark Street, in Chicago, is named for George Rogers Clark.

John Kinzie and his House

JOHNNY KINZIE was born in New York. One day he did not come home from school. Nowhere could his mother find him. He had run away. He wandered down to the boat docks, and boarded a ship that was sailing for Canada. In time he came to the city of Quebec and found work in a silversmith's shop. He learned to make pretty trinkets, like silver medals, bracelets, pins, and rings. He often sold his jewelry to fur traders and hunters. They

told him exciting stories of the wilderness.

"We like to come to Quebec," they said, "but we prefer to live in the deep forest. It is full of adventure. We meet Indians and shoot wild animals. The country is big and beautiful."

John Kinzie decided to go exploring. He stopped making silver jewelry. Alone, on foot, on horseback, and in boats, he pushed his way. To keep from being captured, he sometimes dressed and painted himself like an Indian. He lived in Michigan for a



while, and later came to northern Illinois. There he found the soldiers at Fort Dearborn.

Because the Indians still hoped to get back their land, the Americans had said, "We must build many forts for safety." Fort Dearborn was one of the largest and best. It was built at the mouth of the Chicago River. It was made of hand-cut logs, carefully put together with wooden pegs. The doors



were thick and strong. The soldiers erected two blockhouses. Then they added buildings for themselves and their supplies. Around the fort ran two high fences to keep out the Indians. On each side of the blockhouses the soldiers bored holes for their guns. They built two heavy entrance gates with strong bars.

Under the ground, they dug a tunnel that led to the river. They used it for water when the well was dry. They also planned it to help them escape if the Indians tried to capture the fort. In the center the soldiers made a parade ground. Beyond it they planted a fine garden with current bushes and young fruit trees. When it was finished Major Whistler came to take charge. He sailed from Detroit in the "Tracy," which was a United States schooner. He brought with him his wife and children.

Fort Dearborn was large. In times of danger it could protect all the people. They could even bring their cattle and their wagons into the fort with them.

As time passed the Indians grew restless. They were stirred up by the English. Again a war was being fought between England and the United States. "If you will get rid of the Americans," the Englishmen said to the Indians, "we will give you buckets full of bright colored beads, money, and whiskey."

In the meantime, John Kinzie had married happily, and children were born to him and Mrs. Kinzie. They lived in one of the first houses built in Chicago. It was white and lovely. The door was always open to welcome visitors. All around the house ran a picket fence. A border of poplar trees grew tall and straight across its front.

For a number of years Kinzie had been trading with the Indians for furs. They brought the pelts to him on pack horses and in boats. They came from far-away trading posts because they liked and trusted John Kinzie. He understood the Indians and their ways.

Kinzie loved his children. In the evening after a busy day's work, he would pick up his violin and play for them to dance. One night, they were having a fine time, when Mrs. Kinzie came running into the house. Pale with fright, she was hardly able to speak. She cried, "The Indians are attacking the fort."

Wild with excitement, and ugly in their war paint, the Indians were whooping, burning, and killing. All happiness turned to fear. Hastily, the family jumped into two boats. They hurried across the river to Fort Dearborn. Inside the fort, people were in dismay. The captain had been given orders to leave Fort Dearborn. To obey was foolhardy, but the captain thought he must. John Kinzie knew the danger. He placed Mrs. Kinzie and their children in the care of Black Partridge. This faithful Indian risked his

life to take them to safety.

Bravely, John Kinzie marched out of the fort with the troops. In this way, he hoped to save the soldiers and their families. But most of the white people were killed. John Kinzie escaped. Soon after, he was captured by the British. They took him to Canada. He was treated badly, but at last he was allowed to go back to his family and friends.

For a long time the Kinzies did not dare to return to Chicago. But when the war was over, and a new fort had been built, they came back. To their surprise and joy, they found that their house had not been burned. They settled down to a busy, peaceful life. John Kinzie was well and happy. He lived to be an old man. His family continued to live in Chicago. They treasured the history of the early times. Today, in books they have written, we can read the story of Johnny Kinzie, the little boy who ran away.





Illinois is Settled

GOOD NEWS travels fast. From Colonel Clark and his soldiers, people across the mountains in the East heard stories of the rich prairie land. In Illinois the land was fertile and cheap. The Government was giving away farms to men who had served in the war. To others, it was sold for \$1.25

an acre. People made new plans and started west in search of better homes. They hoped to find freedom and a good living. Armed with a rifle, an axe, and a bag of corn, they cut their way through the wilderness. Pioneers poured into Illinois from the East, and from the South.

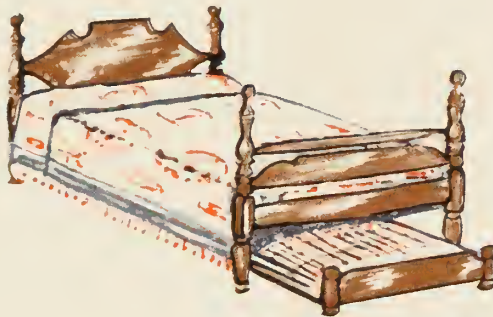
Some traveled by water. Their barges were towed through the Erie Canal, and their boats sailed down the Great Lakes. They brought with them their beds and bedding, furniture and clothes, food and animals. Boats were so crowded there was hardly any room to sit or walk. Others climbed the mountains. They journeyed on foot, on horseback, and in wagons. They slept in forests where Indians silently crept. They forded the streams.

In flatboats, still others came down the Ohio and up the Mississippi. They cleared the land, tilled the soil, and planted crops. They settled first along the

river bottoms and in the groves. Later, they moved out onto the grassy prairie where there were no trees, stumps, or rocks.

As a new family arrived, earlier settlers turned out to welcome them. Often the whole settlement helped to raise the new log house. While it was being finished, the family camped near their flatboat, or wagon. They laid a strong floor and built a fireplace. They filled the cracks of the cabin with clay, and used greased paper for the windows. They dug a well and split rails for a fence.

The house was small, but it held all they had. If the family was fortunate, a spinning wheel stood in one corner. A blanket chest held patchwork quilts and hand-woven linen. A Seth Thomas clock ticked on the mantel. There, too, they put their home-made candles in pewter candlesticks. Under the big double bed was a child's trundle-bed. Near the window stood a rocking chair and a sewing table. On the hearth were placed a skillet, a frying pan, an iron pot, a kettle, and perhaps a footwarmer. Shelves or a cupboard held many things we do not use today—a chopping knife, a sadiron, a lantern, and a branding iron. Over the door, on strong wooden pegs, hung the rifle. Under its protection, safe behind their strong log walls, another family began its life in Illinois.



The Just Laws of Governor Edwards

ILLINOIS went on growing. Already there were enough settlers to make a state. Out in the country farmers tilled the soil and raised good crops. In little towns men traded and built new houses. The people were free and they found living good. They chose leaders who helped them make just laws. One of the earliest of these leaders was Ninian Edwards.

Try to imagine a young pioneer in those days. He drives into town to trade his eggs for new shoes and a bag of marbles at Mr. Hiram Jones' general store. Mr. Jones is waiting on Mrs. Harper. Their conversation interests the boy so much he stays a while to listen.

"Have you ever seen Governor Edwards?" asks Mr. Jones, as he measures off twelve yards of lilac-sprigged muslin.

"Never," she answers. "We live twenty miles from Vandalia. We do not come to town often. Is he as fine looking as people say he is?"

"As handsome as a prince, and wherever he goes, he makes friends. When he came from Kentucky as a young man, he worked like a beaver. It isn't easy to win success and to become a good judge."

"Well," replies Mrs. Harper, "Illinois is looking up with a man like Edwards for Gov-



ernor. The state is getting better laws, new banks, and more settlers. Every day we see folks come on horseback and in covered wagons. The river is full of flatboats.”

Mr. Jones suddenly speaks in an excited voice. “There goes Governor Edwards now! Did you ever see a finer carriage? Look at the clothes that driver is wearing! And the man himself—gold-laced cloak, short breeches, long stockings, and those boots! That shows how our Governor takes pride in himself.”

Both Mrs. Harper and the boy hurry to the door. The woman’s face lights up with pleasure as she says, “I hear his wife keeps a fine house, and sets a good table.”

“Quite right,” answers Mr. Jones, “but the best things about Ninian Edwards we have not said. He is a wise governor, and he is a kind friend. He started out right. Keeping us safe after that trouble with the Indians has made the people trust him. And when our state was being formed, Edwards helped the plan. I believe in his idea of letting all grown-up men vote. Now, all we have to do is to pay a county tax, and show we have lived in Illinois for one year.”

“Back east, people who do not own property cannot vote,” remarks Mrs. Harper.

“According to my notion, we’re the most liberal state in the Union,” says Mr. Jones, as he carefully folds the goods.

“We do not ask for a better place to live,” they agree.



Kaskaskia

WHEN NINIAN EDWARDS left Kentucky and came to Illinois to live, he found Kaskaskia the chief town of the territory. It was located close to the Mississippi River, and its main road led to many parts of the State. Business was flourishing. A number of statesmen and public men made it their home.

Long ago, it had been named for the tribe of Illinois Indians who called themselves Kaskaskias. It was founded by French priests. Their mission grew into a village. Later, when traders arrived and French soldiers built a fort, the town began to grow.

The land around it was so rich that it produced fine crops. At harvest time grain was loaded onto boats and sent down the river to New Orleans. The return trip brought back many comforts for the settlers. Often, there were fine silks and satins, French furniture, and gold mirrors.



Kaskaskia continued to prosper until the British captured it. People did not like the change. You remember when Colonel Clark came, how happily the French greeted him and his American army. When Illinois became a territory of the United States Kaskaskia was made its capital. The *Illinois Herald* was founded in this busy little town. It was the first newspaper ever published in the State. There was great excitement when a stagecoach ran all the way from Kaskaskia to St. Louis!

Illinois became a state on December 3, 1818. Kaskaskia was still the center of business and shipping. The people chose it as their first State Capital.

Among the well-known men who lived in Kaskaskia was Shadrach Bond, the first Governor. Governor Bond's lieutenant was Pi  re Menard. Mr. Menard built for himself a fine house. It was low and broad. The porch had columns all across the front. It stood on a high basement on the side of a hill and faced the river.

Later, the capital was moved to Vandalia. But Kaskaskia was to be given another honor. A splendid event took place. Lafayette was paying a second visit to the United States. You remember, years ago, he had come from France to fight with General Washington. He had helped our country win its freedom from England. Everywhere Lafayette went—New York, Washington, New Orleans, St. Louis, and Boston—cheering crowds thronged the streets. Banquets, parades, and balls were held in his honor. Gifts of gratitude and love were showered upon him. Because Edward Coles, the Governor, was his friend Lafayette journeyed to Kaskaskia.

The town felt proud to honor so great a man. He was given a party at the home of his old military friend, General Edgar. Soldiers and guests poured into the house to shake the hero's hand. Windows were kept wide open for

the benefit of the people outside who wanted to look in. At the large ball that followed in the evening General Lafayette led the stately march with Pi  re Menard's granddaughter. To all he was a gay and charming gentleman. One of the toasts proposed in his honor ended with these words: "We receive you to our humble dwellings and our homely fare. We take you to our arms and hearts."

In after years dark days came to Kaskaskia. Rains poured down. A mighty flood covered the land. Rolling and swelling, the Mississippi overflowed its banks. It rushed upon the helpless town. It swallowed up Kaskaskia! Today, all that remains is Pi  re Menard's house. It is kept as a museum to remind us of the early history of our state.



Abraham Lincoln

LIKE MANY MEN of the frontier Thomas Lincoln was restless. He lived and worked in several parts of Kentucky. Each time he moved, he hoped for better luck. He dreamed of finding a farm with rich black soil and clean, sweet water. He was a quiet, easy-going man who paid his taxes and

spoke the truth. He gained a living by farming and making furniture. Thomas Lincoln took great pains with his wooden cabinets and chests. He built strong doors and windows. His wife, Nancy Hanks, was a slender, dark girl with brown hair and honest gray eyes. She had a warm smile and sweet, gentle ways.

In a log cabin, on the edge of the forest near Hodgenville, Thomas and Nancy Lincoln made their home. The house had a hard-packed dirt floor, one room, one door, and one small window. In this cabin, on a cold Sunday morning in February, their son was born. They called him Abraham, after his grandfather. But it was such a long name that it was soon shortened to Abe. Nancy loved her baby dearly. She took good care of him and felt proud when he grew strong and tall. She liked beautiful things so much it made her happy to point them out to Abe.

“Look, son,” she would exclaim, “there goes a bluejay! Do you see how brightly his wings flash in the sunlight?”

Or, “How lovely is that red bud on the hill!”

“Listen to the water in the run, Abe, it’s making music.”

She praised Abe, and tried to understand his solemn ways. She taught him never to leave a job half finished, to speak the truth, and always to be kind. With his mother Abe felt safe and happy. Nancy worked hard, but she found time to laugh, and to sing songs she had learned from her mother. She read to Abe from the Bible, and told him lovely stories of angels, heaven, and God.

Thomas Lincoln was too poor to give his family comforts, or good clothes. Abe had to go barefooted most of the time. He knew he was homely, and made jokes about his large feet and hands. He loved the animals around him. Never in his whole life would he hurt or kill them.

The Lincoln family moved from Hodgenville to Knob Creek. They lived there until Abe was eight years old. During a short part of the year the boy walked four miles a day to school. He ran errands, carried water, filled the wood box, pulled up weeds, and ground corn by hand. There was so much work to do that he had little time to play. But he loved to roam the woods and learned to take care of himself in the deep forest.

About this time, Thomas Lincoln heard of the fine crops that were being raised in Indiana. Land was as cheap as two dollars an acre. He left home to look for a new farm. He found one and returned to Kentucky to move his family. The Lincolns borrowed two horses. On them they packed their few belongings. Sometimes riding, often walking, they made the long, hard journey of more than one hundred miles. They slept out of doors and had to depend on what food they could get along the way.

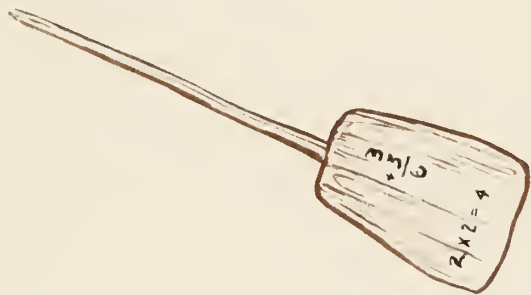
In Indiana a new cabin must be built. Abe was still a child, but he chopped wood and did other work. At night he crawled up to the loft and slept on a mattress of dry leaves. He kept warm under a robe of bearskin. In this log house he lived for fourteen years.

Soon after the family settled in Indiana, Nancy Lincoln fell ill and died. Abe felt lost and sick at heart. He was sad and lonesome. His sister Sarah comforted him. Thomas Lincoln left his children in the little cabin and went back to Kentucky. When he returned he brought with him a new wife. Her name had been Sarah Bush. She was a sensible, cheerful woman. She was a kind stepmother. She was good to Abe and helped him all she could.

There was no regular school in the settlement, though sometimes a schoolmaster spent a short time there. Abe studied at home by firelight and learned to read and write. Paper was so scarce that he did his sums with a piece of charcoal on a wooden shovel. As he grew older he borrowed books whenever he could, and they gave him his greatest happiness. His favorites were the *Bible*, *Aesop's Fables*, and *Robinson Crusoe*. He read *The Pilgrim's Progress* and treasured a life of George Washington.

Abe worked all the time. He did odd jobs for the neighbors. He carried water, built fires, and tended babies. He split fence rails, plowed the stump-filled land, and helped harvest the crops. He became so strong that he could lift a corncrib. The neighbors bragged that once he moved a sixty-pound chicken coop full of live hens.

One year Abe built a flatboat and poled it down the Mississippi River to New Orleans. He took a load of goods



for his neighbor, Mr. Gentry. He traveled over a thousand miles, was gone three months, and received twenty-four dollars.

When he returned to Indiana, Abe learned that his father planned to move again. This time the Lincoln family came to Illinois. They made the trip with thirteen relatives in an ox-drawn wagon. It was packed with everything they owned. Abe did most of the driving. He helped to settle the family near Decatur. Then he got a job on a boat to go to New Orleans for the second time. On this trip he visited the slave market. He did not like the sight of negroes in chains. He felt sorry for mothers and fathers who were being sold away from their children.

“Come, boys,” Lincoln cried to his companions, “let’s go away. If I ever get a chance to hit this thing, I’ll hit it hard.” By firing the furnace on a steamboat, he worked his way back to Illinois.

Healthy, strong, and rawboned, Abraham Lincoln was now twenty-one years old. He was free to choose his home, and went to live in the small village of New Salem. Lincoln was soon well known in the town. His friends called him “Honest Abe,” because he was fair and square. The neighbors admired his strong body. They liked his friendly ways. They laughed at his droll stories and witty sayings.

One day word came to New Salem that the Indians, under their bold Chief Blackhawk, were on the warpath. Some years before they had sold their land to the white men. Now they were trying to get it back. The Governor





of Illinois called for soldiers. Abraham Lincoln offered to serve his state and was made captain of his company. Blackhawk was a brave and fearless leader, but he lost the war. The Indians were sent across the Mississippi out of Illinois—forever.

Back again in New Salem, Lincoln kept busy, working and studying law. He clerked in Mr. Offut's general store, did surveying, and acted as village postmaster. He went into business with a man named Berry but the store failed and Berry left town. The store had

many debts and it took Lincoln years of hard work to pay them.

While living in New Salem, Abe fell in love with pretty Ann Rutledge. When she died his heart was very sad.

But Abe Lincoln had won favor with the people and soon after that he was elected to the State Legislature. With no money in his purse, riding on a borrowed horse, he left New Salem to go to Springfield. There he learned more about the law.

After a while, he met and married proud Mary Todd. Her father was a banker and she was well educated. Mary helped Lincoln to become a successful lawyer. With their three sons the Lincolns lived in a square white house. It had green blinds, lace curtains, and flowered carpets. Today, this house has been made into a museum where the things Lincoln once used are kept. There

we can see his favorite rocking chair, the cupboard where he kept his books, and Mrs. Lincoln's sewing chair.

Lincoln was much loved by children everywhere. His work took him around the state to make speeches and to try cases. He was welcomed by all. The boys and girls would run home joyfully crying, "Mr. Lincoln has come! Mr. Lincoln has come!" One small boy in a town that Lincoln often visited would climb up on a fence post. As the tall man passed, the little fellow would stick a flower in the lapel of his coat. Lincoln would smile, pat him on the head, and thank him.

As the years passed, Lincoln become known to many more people. He spoke and debated so well, that he was sent to Congress. There he worked with the men who were thinking about the problems of the whole nation.

The country was becoming divided sharply about slavery. Many people in the North thought no slaves should be kept in the new territory that was being added to the United States. They thought too that the people of the South should free their slaves. Lincoln agreed with them. He hated slavery. He believed that all men were born free. He went around the state making speeches. Thousands of people listened to him. He and Senator Stephen A. Douglas held debates all over Illinois. They argued for and against slavery. The Southern States said that they would separate from the United States. They would make a country of their own. Lincoln and Douglas debated the rights of States to leave.

The new Republican party met in Chicago. Its leaders understood that the country must have a strong president. They chose Abraham Lincoln. They hoped that by electing him, they would be able to save the Union. Lincoln was elected. He felt sad to leave Springfield, where it was peaceful and he had

many friends. But he went to Washington to do his best.

Even his best was not enough to stop a terrible war between the North and the South. To help the North win, and because he believed it was right, Lincoln freed the slaves. But Lincoln's heart bled for the suffering people on both sides.

In the speeches that he made during the war, Lincoln spoke words the world will always remember. The best-known speech was made at Gettysburg. Many brave soldiers had been killed in a battle. It was decided to bury them there. Lincoln's speech was so short that it took only a few minutes. But it was full of understanding and hope and love. Even today many children learn it—every word. Men and women still labor to make its fine ideals come true.

At last, after four long years, peace came. Just five days later, as President Lincoln sat in a box at Ford's Theater, he was shot. The whole nation—North and South—mourned his death. No president since George Washington had been so good and so great. Lincoln was buried in Springfield, his old home.

Many books and plays have been written about Abraham Lincoln. Cities and streets have been named for him. The town of Lincoln, Illinois, proudly called itself for him before he was elected president. Monuments have been built to honor his memory in America and in Europe. A large one stands in Springfield, our state capital. One of the loveliest is in Washington, D. C., for Lincoln belongs to the whole country. A large statue of Lincoln was set up in far-away London. On his birthday, and all the year, speakers praise his noble deeds. And there is a way for us to show our love. We can try to be like him in courage and honesty, and we can carry love and kindness in our hearts.

A Man like Grant

WHEN THE WAR between the North and the South began, everybody said, "It will be over before the end of the year." But it was a long struggle. More and more, President Lincoln needed a strong general to command the Union Army. He wanted a man whom the soldiers would trust and follow. He chose Ulysses S. Grant of Galena, Illinois.

Grant was slow and quiet. Like Lincoln, he was born on a farm and came from a simple home. It was not easy for his father to send him to West Point to learn to be a soldier. There he made friends. A number of these young men later became generals in the Northern and Southern armies.



Grant had served as quartermaster in the war with Mexico. He also spent some time in California. Later, he resigned from the army and came to Galena. He clerked in a leather store. Grant would sit on an old cracker barrel and talk to the farmers. Here, too, people were discussing slavery and

whether the states had a right to leave the Union. Grant did not like his work. He took so little interest in it that his father said sadly, "My son is lazy and stupid."

When war was declared, Illinois fought with the North. Grant had been out of the army for seven years. But he had been an officer and now he wished to help his state. He offered his services. For a long time he was not accepted. Weeks of disappointment and failure were his lot. Finally, he was appointed a colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Regiment. He had to borrow the money to buy his uniform. Even then he did not look like a leader. His clothes fitted him badly.

Grant was ordered to train men who were rough and restless. But he knew how to drill soldiers. He made them keep their guns clean, be on time, and obey. When the day came for battle, Colonel Grant did not waste time or words. He knew what to do. He knew how to lead men. He won his first victory. Later, he captured Fort Henry and Fort Donaldson. For this success Grant was made a general. He was proud and happy. The newspapers began to praise his courage. The people began to call him a hero.

Vicksburg was a railroad center on the Mississippi River. The army that could hold it would control the shipment of supplies. Because Vicksburg was so important, Grant tried for months and months to capture it. When he had done this, President Lincoln asked him to come to Washington. There he was given command of all the Union troops. General Grant knew the North had more money, more goods, and more men than the South. But it would take a long time to wear out the Confederate Army. He told the President in a few words how he planned to win the war. "It will be very slow," he said. "We must fight again and again."



Lincoln replied, "The country trusts you. I don't know much about it, but I do hope you can finish the war with as little bloodshed as possible."

The leader of the South was General Robert E. Lee. He came from an old Virginia family. He was brought up to value high thinking and right living. His own people had freed their slaves. But when Virginia left the Union, General Lee at once offered to lead his state. He was so good and so brave that his soldiers felt it an honor to serve under him.

Early in the war the South won shining victories. But General Grant followed his plan to fight day by day. Slowly, the Southern soldiers were worn out. They had little to eat and hardly any clothes. Grant defeated Lee again and again. The time came when the Southern soldiers could fight no more. General Lee had to surrender.

The meeting took place at Appomattox, Virginia, on a Sunday morning in April, 1865. The two generals shook hands firmly. General Lee stood tall, grave, and spotless. He wore his best uniform and dress sword. His eyes were steady and his voice quiet. General Grant stood solid and stocky. He wore an old uniform that was spattered with mud and he had forgotten his sword. But his blue eyes were kind and he did not talk long. Lee listened with grave courtesy. Then he signed Grant's simple terms.

When an army surrenders, its leaders can be made to give up their swords as a mark of their defeat. But General Grant did not take the officers' swords or pistols. He allowed the soldiers to keep their horses and their mules. He was a farmer's son. He knew the animals would be needed to make the crops.

Peace had come. General Grant had helped President Lincoln save the

Union. General Lee spent the rest of his life as president of a Southern college. He often said to his students, "We must not be bitter. We are one country now. We must make our sons Americans."

General Grant returned to Galena, where he was welcomed with singing and shouting. The town was gay with flags and bunting. Bands played. Galena built a fine new house for its hero. A few years later the people wanted a president who was sincere and honest. They chose Ulysses S. Grant to be president of the United States.

Today, President Grant's tomb may be seen on Riverside Drive in New York City. At its head are engraved these words: "Let there be peace." Chicago's beautiful lake front park honors this Illinois general.





New Salem

MANY MEMORIALS have been built to honor Abraham Lincoln. Perhaps the most interesting of all is the town of New Salem. Our state has built this town just as it was when Lincoln lived there. On our visit to New Salem, we do not wish to be hurried by a large crowd of sight-seers, so we choose a quiet, sunny day.

As we drive along the peaceful Sangamon River, we exclaim, "Look, there is the old mill!" We recall that James Rutledge and John Camron owned it. In fact, Rutledge founded New Salem. He came from South Carolina with his wife and family.

We climb the hill and on its crest we find a tiny village. There are about twenty log houses. A narrow strip of pavement runs down the center of the old road. But at the sides there is soft mud. We notice how deep it is. We remember that wagons and stagecoaches, climbing up the hill, often got stuck in the mud or snow. The drivers had to depend upon neighbors to help them out.

We leave our car and begin to look around. We think, "These are the very woods where Lincoln often walked at sunset. He used to go out beyond the

village to think calmly. Perhaps over there is where he made speeches and practiced them out loud.”

“Welcome to New Salem,” we hear a strong, friendly voice saying. “My name is Fred Clark. Can I help you?” Our guide has a pleasant smile and rosy cheeks. Gladly, we follow him.



Pointing to the first house, he tells us, “This was Henry Onstott’s place. He was the village cooper. He taught Lincoln to make barrels. He let him study at night by the light of his wood shavings. Just take a peek into his log house.”

Crowded into the little room, we see an old-fashioned bed and a heavy chest of drawers. A table, a bench, and a few chairs make up the rest of the furniture. But around the large fireplace, we see many things that remind us of how pioneers did their work. We ask about the bootjack standing in the corner. “It’s strong enough for the heaviest boots,” our guide tells us. We notice the spinning wheel, an old coffee grinder, and even a tiny cotton gin.

“Come next door to the workshop,” we are told.

We have always wondered how barrels are made. They must be strong and water-tight, too. In this little work-shop we see every step in their making. We feel that the workers must have just stepped out. “See, they have left some shavings on the floor. That would make a fine, bright fire!” we exclaim.

“I think you would like to see the ash hopper in the back yard,” our guide tells us. We are surprised to see how large it is. It was filled with ashes, we learn. Over them boiling water was poured. Out of the bottom came the lye which the busy housewife used to make her soap. In pioneer times almost everything needed was made in this little village. Nothing was wasted.

We cross the street to the Miller-Kelso house. It is really a double house. Each side has the same roof and floor. There is an open porch in the middle.

“This was called the ‘Breezeway,’ or sometimes the ‘Dog Run.’ John Miller was a sober, hard-working blacksmith. He and his wife and two children lived in the larger, two-room side of the house. Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Kelso were sisters. The Kelsos had no children. They lived in the smaller one-room side. Much of the time Jack Kelso was away fishing, so he didn’t mind a small house. I suppose he was the laziest man in New Salem. But he was also the best educated. He taught Lincoln to love poetry and to enjoy good books. That little horse hair trunk that you see may have held Kelso’s books. I wish we had him here today to quote Robert Burns or Shakespeare for us. That hornet’s nest hanging from the ceiling was saved to make wadding for his gun.”

We listen carefully as our guide tells all this. As we turn toward the next yard, we see a huge iron kettle standing out of doors. “What was that used for?” we ask.

“It belonged to the hatter, Martin Waddell,” Mr. Clark answers. “Martin used to boil raw furs and wool in it. This was the way he made felt. He used the felt to make tall hats. Customers came from all around and he did a thriving business.”



We walk down the street. We pass the little house that was Dr. Regnier’s home and office. We notice that his cellar door has leather hinges. His garden is enclosed by a rail fence. We are told, “In Lincoln’s time people let

their animals run up and down the street. The only way to save flowers and vegetables was to build a fence around them.”

We stop at Mr. Hill’s home—the only two-story house in New Salem—and the finest. It has a front porch and double sliding windows. Inside, a ladder stairway leads to the room above. “The women of New Salem gossiped about Mrs. Hill’s fine furniture. She was proud of her handsome chest of drawers, and her comfortable split-bottomed chairs. Be sure to look at that table and the open china cabinet filled with dishes and pewter plates,” we are reminded.

“Would you like to see Peter Lukins’ little house? Every day, Peter sat over there on his cobbler’s bench mending boots. He used good leather for the shoes he made, but they did not have any style or shape. They could be worn on either foot.

“And now, we are coming to the Lincoln-Berry store. You remember the two partners started out in only one small room. Later, they moved over here where there was a little more space.” We look inside and see that they sold everything from sausage grinders and waffle irons to crockery and bolts of calico. When the town of New Salem did not grow any larger, and the store failed, Abe had to find other work. He did odd jobs. He learned to survey land. Perhaps the job he liked best was that of postmaster in the Hill-McNamara store.

“Was there much mail?” we ask.

“No,” our guide laughs. “It came only twice





a week. Remember, there were never more than one hundred people in New Salem. But Abe liked this job. It gave him a chance to read the newspapers before they were called for. Also, it gave him time to study with Mentor

Graham, the schoolmaster. Mentor taught the children of the village. Some people think he helped Lincoln more than anyone else. Abe told Mentor Graham that he wanted to be a public speaker and learn about law. The schoolmaster smiled and said, ‘You’ll never be anything, Abe, until you learn to speak correct English. Come to me at night and I’ll try to help you.’”

We cross the street again and our guide says, “This is the house where Dr. Allen lived. He was such a good man—always visiting the sick and helping people in trouble. That is,” he added, “except on Sunday. Church people thought it wrong to work on Sunday and for a long time Dr. Allen refused to make calls on that day. But sometimes people needed him badly. So he agreed to go to them on Sunday but to take no pay for his help. If they gave him money, he passed it on to the church.”

Now we have reached the end of the street. There the Rutledge Tavern stands. Near the door, we read this sign:

Bed.....12½c

Meal.....12½c

Horse.....25c

We notice that there are several rooms. “How many people could stay here?” we ask.

“That depends on how many needed to stay,” we are told. “A pioneer

tavern keeper had to manage to care for all who came. Because New Salem was on the main stage road to Galena, many people spent the night here.”

In the large living room we examine the rag rugs, the chest of drawers, and a hanging mirror in its wooden frame. There are tables and rocking

chairs. From the crane in the large stone fireplace hangs a big kettle. On the hearth we see a pair of bellows and a footwarmer. All the rooms have one or two double beds. We look carefully at the rope springs, the corn shuck mattresses, and the old patchwork quilts. The pole across the foot of the bed turns so that an extra cover may be wrapped around it. We go out the back door past the big dough trough and find the root cellar. We have noticed several wells along the street. The one at the back of the tavern has a little roof over it.

“Tell us a few more stories about Lincoln when he lived here at New Salem,” we ask our guide. All the afternoon he has been pointing out things and answering our questions.

Now he smiles pleasantly. “There are a great many. You probably know the one about the woman who paid Abe six cents too much for some goods. After he had closed the store, he walked two miles to take her the right change.” We think about those muddy roads. “There is another story about the time he made a mistake weighing half a pound of tea. The next morning Abe wrapped up the rest of the tea and carried it to his customer.”

“Was he happy here?” we ask.



“Most of the time,” Mr. Clark answers. “Everybody liked him. His friends understood him and they helped him to keep a brave heart. Once Lincoln said, ‘In New Salem I have learned to be a man.’”

“You will want to visit the post office I am sure,” Mr. Clark went on. Once again he led us across the street. “On February 12, 1940, we opened this little post office here. Perhaps you read about it in the newspapers. The Postmaster General traveled all the way from Washington to install the New Salem postmaster. We enclosed the little log house in a big heated tent. It was jammed with visitors. An old stagecoach brought the mail just as was done in Lincoln’s time. But overhead a shining airplane flew. It skimmed the tree-tops and dropped a bag of letters in the modern way. Since then letters with the New Salem postmark go out every day. Collectors are proud of their stamps from Lincoln’s New Salem.”

We buy some cards to send away and some to keep. As we come to the end of our day and stop to thank our guide, he tells us one last story. It is about Lincoln when he was leaving New Salem. Abe said, “Maybe I’ll amount to something some day. It won’t be in the way of piling up a lot of money. That isn’t what I mean. But every man has a place in this world where he can do something that he ought to do and be remembered by, so that people will be just plain glad that he lived.”





William B. Ogden

CHICAGO rose on the spot where once old Fort Dearborn stood. Less than fifty years after it was laid out, it had become the chief town of Illinois. Chicago grew faster than any city in the world. The faith and energy of its people made it thrive.

Ships carried cargoes from the Gulf of Mexico to the Atlantic Ocean. Over the railroads went goods to other parts of the United States. John Kinzie's house, to which the traders had come by canoe along the trails, was gone. Railroads were taking the place of the old plank roads. William B. Ogden did much to help the railroads. Cyrus H. McCormick built a factory on the river near the old Kinzie house. He had invented the reaper. This machine harvested grain. Farmers all over the country were glad to have its help. They bought reapers as fast as they could be made. Mr. Ogden became a partner in the business. The importance of the railroads grew and grew. The people of Chicago looked to William B. Ogden for leadership. They made him the first mayor.

Chicago streets were crowded with carriages, wagons, and people. Some of the hotels and shops stood as high as five or six stories. Miles of horsecar



lines ran across the city. A bridge spanned the river. A real fire department took the place of the old bucket lines. Schools and colleges were opened. More and more people were coming to this thriving city of the Middle West. Washington, Jackson, and Lincoln Parks were planned. Chicago was proud to be the city in which Lincoln was chosen President.

But there was a big problem to be solved. Chicago was built on a swamp. In order to protect people from disease big tunnels must be dug to bring fresh water. Sewers must be laid. To do this the level of the muddy streets must be raised. This could not all be done at once. Often little flights of stairs had to be climbed to go from one place to another through the crooked streets. George M. Pullman worked out plans for straightening them. He is better known as the man who invented Pullman sleeping cars. The Union Stockyards helped the city grow too.

They received thousands of cattle, sheep, and hogs, and shipped meat all over the country. It seemed that nothing could stop the growth of Chicago. But in 1871 a great fire swept over the city.

October came after a summer as dry as dust. The leaves had fallen. The flowers had stopped blooming. Grass turned brown. It seemed as if rain would never come. On the southwest side of Chicago, in a small pine house, lived Mrs. O'Leary. Like many other people in her part of town, she kept





a cow. One Sunday night Mrs. O'Leary took a lighted kerosene lamp and went into the barn to milk. The story says the cow kicked over the lamp. It exploded. The dry hay started burning. The barn blazed. The flames, fanned by high winds, spread fast. The West Side and downtown Chicago

burned. The hot tongue of the blazing fire licked everything in its path. Houses, shops, churches, schools, bridges, and boats were burned. The flames crossed the river. They went raging on to the north side. Some people tried to save themselves in the lake. Sunday night, and all day Monday, the great fire raged.

On Tuesday the wind stopped blowing and at last rain fell. Chicago lay in ashes. Everything was gone. But the city did not die. The morning paper printed in big letters, "Cheer Up!" From friends near and far came food, clothes, medicine, and money. From London, Queen Victoria and her English friends sent enough books to begin a library. The city's leaders said, "We still have our lake, our railroads, and our canal. It will take courage to plan and long hard work to build again. But we shall all pull together and make a bigger and better city."

To shelter those without homes, cheap houses were quickly put up. Workmen were needed. More people moved to Chicago. Among the newcomers, were many foreigners with no friends. Jane Addams opened Hull House to make them feel at home and to teach them American ways. At this settlement they learned to speak English. They tried to become good citizens. They were taught to keep the best of their Old World customs. They were helped to go on making beautiful things with their hands. In time, Chicago

came to know that its foreign-born people were part of its wealth.

The city was growing fast. But it was filled with smoke and dirt. Railroad tracks and switches almost hid the beautiful lake. Those who loved Chicago said, "These things are bad. We must change them." Slowly, the "Chicago Plan" was made under Daniel Burnham and his helpers. The people liked the plan so well, they worked with will to bring it about. Steadily, they built "Chicago, the Beautiful."

Chicago has had two World's Fairs. The first, held in 1893, honored the discovery of America by Columbus. It was the wonder of its day. The second in 1933 and 1934 celebrated Chicago's birthday. Its plan showed what Chicago and the rest of the world had done in one hundred years. A ray of light from the star Arcturus was brought to open the door to the great Science exhibit.

Chicago still thinks for the future. Interest in better housing for all its people has grown. The subway is planned to move traffic more easily. Today, Chicago is second in the United States, and one of the most beautiful cities in the world.



Our Rich Products

WITHIN a short span of time, Illinois changed from a wilderness of prairie into a rich, thickly settled state. Most of Illinois lies in the "Corn Belt." This region is famous for its crops of corn, wheat, rye, barley, soy beans, and hay. Some of these are used to feed beef cattle, hogs, and sheep. As the animals are ready, they are shipped to market. Many farms of fair size are managed by men and women trained to do their work well. Their sons and daughters help them. They use machines both large and small to do their work faster and better. Market reports, which reach them quickly by mail or over the radio, enable them to sell their products at the best prices. The money they get makes it possible for them to have comfortable homes, fine barns, and useful cars. They can send their children to school. Every fall county fairs and stock shows exhibit products that are the pride and satisfaction of the thousands who go to see them.



Boys and girls are urged to show their work. The 4-H Club directs and helps them. The name "4-H" means head, hand, heart, and health, and makes life richer for our country children.

Coal and oil lie under a large part of the state of Illinois. The Indians did not know what coal and oil were. The early white people burned the trees for fuel. But as Illinois became settled these products were discovered and put to use. The coal found here is soft. But it is easily mined, and can be transported cheaply over the flat land. When soft coal is burned, it is very smoky, so it is often changed into coke. This product is cleaner and makes a hotter fire. Coal is also used to produce gas. Gas can be piped to homes and factories. Still other uses for soft coal are possible. The University of Illinois is helping to carry on experiments to make cheap and useful products of it.

As we travel about the state, in more and more places we see tall derricks that mark the oil fields. Oil is so important in modern living that Illinois may come to look upon its wells as one of its greatest sources of wealth.

We use the soil and rocks as well as what is under them. Clay, limestone, sand, lead, and zinc furnish material for our factories and our commerce.

Scattered over the state, where the railroads cross and the rivers join, are busy cities. Almost every city in Illinois has its industry. Rockford is known for its furniture, Moline for its farm tools, Elgin for its watches, and La Salle for its clocks. Over on the Mississippi River, East St. Louis has its paint shops and flour mills. Farther north, along this same big river, miles and miles of intersecting railroad tracks cross the city of Savanna. Here, railroad shops are busy, and thousands of cars of fresh food are iced. Among Joliet's



industries are coke and wire, blast furnaces, steel and rolling mills. It is interesting to know that many of our calendars and gift cards are made in Joliet. Down on the Illinois River, at Peoria, large caterpillar tractors are built. There, too, they make cord for our packages, and twine for our binders. Peoria

ranks next to Chicago in size, and in the importance of its products.

Two-thirds of the goods made in Illinois are manufactured in Chicago. The Union Stockyards are the center of the packing business for the whole country. Other industries which use the by-products of the stockyards have grown up around "Packingtown." There is very little waste. The hides are made into leather, the hoofs and bones into glue, soap, and oil. Combs, buttons, and knife handles are made from horns and hoofs. Large quantities of fertilizer are produced. It is easy to find uses for the bristles of the hogs and the wool of the sheep.

In a different section of Chicago, a long street is lined with printing houses. Paper is brought to Chicago on lake steamers, and by train. Out from the rolling printing presses comes a steady stream of newspapers, magazines, books, and other printed matter.

Where coal and iron can easily be brought together, the tall towers of steel mills rise. They are beautiful and strong against the winter sky. Beneath them molten ore is poured. Thousands of workmen are employed making steel products. These range in size from girders and railroad rails, machine tools, and parts for automobiles and airplanes, to fine steel knives. In some factories whole machines are produced. The International Harvester Com-

pany has several large plants. This company is best known for its farm tools.

Yards for making railroad coaches and pullman cars stretch over miles and miles of the city. Factories for making clothes and shoes are scattered throughout Chicago. Pianos, radios, and musical instruments are still other products.

No town in Illinois is so small that it is not reached by the catalogues of Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward. For many years, they shipped much of their goods by freight. When parcel post service came their business grew rapidly. Orders could then be filled much more quickly. Now, both companies have opened retail stores in many towns. These mail order houses continue to be among the largest businesses in the country.

Day and night, Chicago's three great produce markets clatter and bang with the huge task of providing food for the city's millions. At the fruit market as many as sixty-two cars can be pulled alongside the concrete platforms and unloaded at one time. Five minutes after the auction begins, a huge fleet of trucks has started on its way carrying food to the stores. The Farmers' Market sells mainly to grocerymen, housekeepers, and peddlers. The famous old market on South Water Street is now owned by a cooperative company of one hundred sixty-six stores. Here, well-protected by cold storage, are kept poultry, fish, vegetables, fruits, flour, and sugar. Thousands of people work quickly and carefully to try to get these food products to our homes without damage or loss. We get some idea of the vast quantity of these foodstuffs when we realize that more than sixteen thousand carloads of potatoes are eaten every year in Chicago.

The Quincy Mounds

BUSY QUINCY stands high on its cliffs. It looks down on the Mississippi River. Around it are farm lands and woods. On a tall bluff we see a fine statue of George Rogers Clark. But our greatest interest is in an Indian mound park. More than two thousand years ago Indians built the mounds. Where these unknown people came from, how long they lived here, and what became of them, we do not know. They have left us no written stories. To learn their history, we must dig into the earth.

We know from what we find that they loved beautiful things. They carved their arrowheads well. They made their pots and bowls by hand. No trace of a potter's wheel has been found.

In Illinois there are more than ten thousand Indian mounds. They were used for burial places, for religious feasts, and for protection against unfriendly tribes.

When scientists dug into the mounds at Quincy, they found a large stone altar. Nearby lay ashes and pieces of bark. They were left from a fire that had burned on the altar ages ago.



Not far from Lewistown, near the Illinois and Spoon Rivers, an expedition was led by Dr. Fay-Cooper Cole of the University of Chicago. More than a hundred skeletons were dug up. Many pieces of pottery, arrowheads, beads, pipes, and even bowls made of copper were found. The searchers used skill and great patience. After they had selected a mound to be opened, they sliced it as carefully as we do a loaf of bread. They sifted the soil and tested it. As new things appeared, they were studied. Orange wood sticks, tiny trowels, and little brooms were among the tools they used. After everything had been studied, all was replaced as if the earth had not been touched.

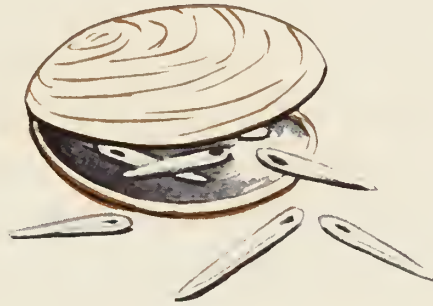
Close by, is found the Mound Builders Tomb, opened in 1927 by Dr. Don F. Dickson. It now bears his name. Buried in it were axes, knives, fish-hooks, mussel-shell spoons, and necklaces. Not far away, bones of deer, bear, and other wild animals were dug up. Here everything remains in place so that it can be seen just as it was discovered.

Near East St. Louis, is the famous Cahokia, or Monks' Mound. Its name comes from the fact that for many years monks lived on its top. They knew little of what lay in the earth beneath them. The base of this mound covers sixteen acres. It ranges in height from thirty feet to one hundred feet. Other mounds are shaped like animals. "This one looks like a big turtle. That one reminds us of a large serpent!" we exclaim.

These early people must have traveled far. Perhaps they traded with tribes who came from distant places. Some think they may have married women who brought unknown things to their new home. Arrowheads made of obsidian have been found. This black, glasslike rock, made only by volcanoes, must have come from the Yellowstone. There is no copper in Illinois,

yet beaten copper objects have been dug up. Some of the beads are of shells that are found only along the ocean. One closed clam shell held bone needles. With it was a soft stone for polishing them. No doubt, this interesting sewing box had traveled all the way from the Gulf of Mexico.

College students have helped much in the digging of the old mounds. Some of our boys and girls may work with the scientists some day. Perhaps they can help solve the mysteries about these early people.





The Railroads

WHAT do you want to be when you grow up?"

At least half the ten-year-old boys who are asked this question answer quickly, "I want to be an engineer on a railroad." By the hundreds, they look forward to the important Christmas when they will receive their first

electric train. Their fathers share their joy. Interest in model railroads has increased so much that clubs of grown men spend their spare time with train models.

Of course, no history of Illinois would be complete without the story of the railroads. The tracks of more than fifty railroads cover the state. It has more miles of operated tracks than any other in the Union. Chicago is the greatest railroad center in the world.

Ten years after the Baltimore and Ohio was running in the East, people asked, "Why not build a railroad in Illinois?" Experts said, "Out on that flat prairie, a road can be as level as a board." Men measured and figured, and marked where it would go. Then plows tore up the tough prairie grass. Workmen hauled the dirt in horse-drawn wagons. They pounded it with hand

shovels. They laid the ties, and on them placed the rails.

By the time eight miles of track were down, a locomotive from Pittsburgh was on its way by boat up the Mississippi to Meredosia. This was the first engine ever seen in the big valley. A short time later, with Joseph Field in charge, the "Great Northern Cross" made the first train run in Illinois! Puffs of black smoke, like curly plumes, poured out of the engine. Some people who had planned to ride, refused to get on the train. Others climbed aboard and held open umbrellas to protect themselves from sparks and soot. Old stagecoaches were used as cars. The seats were uncomfortable. Horses ran away when they heard the shrill whistle. On old Indian trails and buffalo paths the train slowly clattered over the iron rails. People shook their heads and said, "This thing will never be a success." Within forty years railroads were the most important means of travel in the state.

The Galena and Chicago Union completed a railroad as far as Elgin. When their tracks joined the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, it was possible to travel and ship goods as far as the Mississippi River. The Mississippi was now connected with the Lakes. Two years later the Illinois Central was being built. Many towns sprang up along its line. Workmen arrived from Europe to build more railroads. Most of them came from Ireland and Germany.

Today we laugh at the people who were afraid to ride on the pioneer trains. But it is a sad fact that accidents were frequent. Railroad men realized they must work to make this way of travel safe. They began to build coaches that were longer and heavier. Larger wheels gripped the tracks. Improved brakes made greater control possible. Better couplings held one car to another. The locomotives that were built became more and more powerful. Along

the tracks, tanks for water were set up. Coal cars that could supply many tons of fuel came into use. Machines were invented to crush rock to make the roadbed solid. Steel rails became common.



Over the improved roadbed trains began to speed along.

It was necessary to protect crossings. Warning signs appeared. As many more trains were put into operation, the problems of a clear right-of-way had to be solved. In time, automatic signals took the place of red flags and unsteady flares. To overcome delays at sidings double tracks were laid. They were so helpful that soon they were used wherever there was heavy traffic. Trains began to run on time. In the large stations, men worked to plan schedules and check them. Engineers with long records of safe driving were employed. People began to enjoy riding on trains.

Today, who does not look forward to a trip on one of our many modern streamliners? Traveling from Illinois, we may go East or West. Although Chicago is the largest railroad center in the world, no train goes through the city.

Happily we plan our trip and buy our tickets. As we walk down the long platform, we see the gleaming coaches and look ahead to the streamlined engine. "How like a great silver bird it looks!" we exclaim. A friendly porter steps forward and helps us to find our car. As he places our bags on the strong but lightweight racks we look around us. "What pleasing colors," we say, "and we can see so much from these broad windows."

"Yes," the porter says, "they do not frost or mist."

Thankfully, we sink into the soft easy chairs. Soon the warning voice

of the brakeman is heard. "All aboard," he cries. We are surprised to see that we are moving. Quietly, without a bump or the grinding of wheels, our train has started. We breathe in the fresh, clean air. It is just the right temperature.

We are delighted to see that a young mother with twins is sitting on the seat across the aisle. We hear the trimly dressed stewardess saying cheerfully, "We are always so glad to have children on board. Just ring, if I can help you in any way. If their first train ride upsets them a bit, don't worry. Remember, I am a trained nurse. I'll be glad to take care of the babies while you have your lunch."

The conductor appears. As he takes up the long tickets, he comments, "We are going a mile a minute now." We know that a gauge in the observation car will show us at any time exactly how fast we are traveling.

A lad of ten gets up to follow the conductor. "Oh, you're the young man who is taking a journey alone, aren't you, sonny? Never worry, we'll look after you. When you have to change cars tomorrow afternoon we'll put you on the right train."

The day passes pleasantly. We listen to the radio, buy a magazine, write letters, and send a telegram home. We enjoy a delicious luncheon of fresh vegetables and strawberries that have come all the way from California. At a station, we get off the train for a bit of exercise and peek into a mail car. On the opposite track, in an express car, we see a man feeding a cocker spaniel. The dog looks comfortable and happy. As we leave the terminal, we notice freight cars filled with cattle and sheep. All day we have been seeing cars like these.

During the afternoon, a lady has been telling stories to the boy who is traveling by himself. We hear her saying, "In my mother's time, the

family saved up for years to take a train trip. Ladies never traveled alone.”

“That seems queer,” answers the boy. “You don’t mind being alone, do you?”

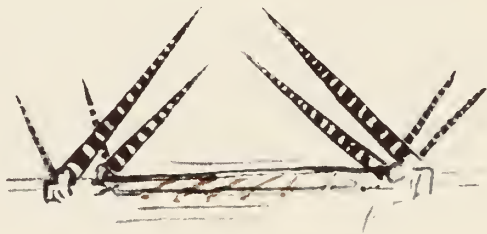
“Oh, no,” she answers, “I feel perfectly safe.”

“I have been wondering about something,” continues the boy. “I know about the signals, and I think I know all about the safety brakes. But what would become of this train if something happened to the engineer?”

The lady laughs and says, “That has been provided for too. As soon as the engineer’s hand leaves the throttle, the train automatically stops. So we don’t have to worry about anything but having a good time.”

The lady begins to look as though she’d like to read her book. We invite the boy to join us in a game. The porter brings a table, and time passes quickly. Feeling the need for a little exercise, we walk back to the observation car. It is so delightful, we stay there until dinner time. “My, that was a good meal,” we say, as we pass from car to car through the smoothly running train.

When we get back to our car, we find the porter has made up our berths. The beds are as fresh and inviting as those of the best hotels. The indirect lighting is restful to our tired eyes. As we are about to drop off to sleep, we hear a man’s voice saying, “Just think, in seven hours today, we have covered as many miles as a pioneer on horseback could have traveled in twenty days.”



Our Schools

THE FIRST TEACHERS in the state were the French priests. Soon after George Rogers Clark took Illinois, the Ordinance of 1787 set aside land to provide for free schools. When Illinois became a state, the people accepted this part of the Act. But for many years the schools were few and poor. Often the schoolmaster traveled from place to place. He spent only a few weeks in each settlement. He received little pay, and boarded with each family in turn. John Seeley, the first American schoolmaster in the region, taught in southern Illinois.

The earliest settlers tried to have school in their own cabins. The one-room schoolhouses were built of logs. They had greased paper for window glass. At one end stood a huge fireplace with a chimney of sticks and mud. The seats had no backs. They were hewn from logs. A long slab took the place of a writing table. A country schoolhouse was little better than a barn. There were few books and no blackboards. Pupils of all ages worked together in the same room. The teacher taught all the children who came. While some pupils studied, others read and spelled aloud. The small children rested and even took naps.

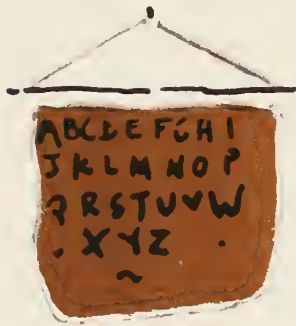


School often began with the Lord's Prayer, and a reading from the Bible. There were no plans for games or play. Children who did not obey or learn quickly felt the birch rod. At home they studied by the light of a candle, or the flickering fire.

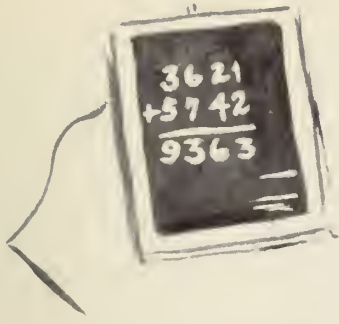
Though boys and girls did not learn as much from books as they do today, an important part of their education was received at home. They learned to obey and to do things for themselves. They learned to fit their lives into pioneer ways.

The boys shot a gun well, and did many chores on the farm. They became trustworthy and manly. The girls helped their busy mothers cook, wash, clean, mend, churn, and weave. Often, they took care of baby brothers and sisters.

Sunday was kept as a day of rest and quiet. If possible, the whole family went to church. Children had to sit still through the long sermons. At the close of the service, they went home across green fields, or along the trail. They listened to the birds sing praises. They heard the breeze in the trees giving thanks. The wild flowers seemed to say, "Father, we thank Thee, too."



Mother Nature was a third teacher. From her, pioneer children learned the calls of the birds. They hunted bird's eggs, and chased butterflies. Trees and flowers became their friends; baby deer and squirrels, their pets. Happy hours passed in berry-picking, or digging for herbs to make tea and medicine. Children gathered hickory nuts, hazel nuts, and black walnuts. They brought home choke cherries and wild



honey. Hunting for coons and spearing fish delighted the boys. The children learned to avoid danger. They knew poisonous vines and berries. They had to keep a sharp lookout for snakes and harmful animals. They must be careful not to drink impure water for it would make them ill. Night

air was thought to be bad. People believed it gave them chills and fever. It was really the swarms of mosquitoes that brought the dreaded malaria.

Public education moved forward. Today, in every part of the state, there are free schools for all. Books, music, and art are added to the old-time reading, writing, and arithmetic. Movies, sand tables, live pets, plants, and animals make schoolrooms interesting. Learning is not only work. It is fun. Children find beauty and happiness. They learn to share things and to get along with others. They make friends. But like the children of the pioneers, they discover that not what they have, but what they are, makes life rich.



The Trails

THE FIRST TRAILS were made by animals. They led to the rivers, to bubbling springs of fresh water, or to salt licks. On quiet, moccasined feet, the Indians followed them by marshland, ridge and lake. They traveled to new hunting grounds, to council meetings in flowery groves, and back to their villages.



When the same trail was used often, the Indians marked it. Saplings were bent to the ground and fastened there—sometimes with a rock, sometimes with a pile of dirt, oftentimes with a strip of bark, rawhide, or vine. Young trees were chosen because they would bend without breaking. Frequently, the same kind of tree was used the whole length of a trail. Oak and elm were commonly selected.

When the white people first came to the wilderness, how helpful and welcome must have been the sight of these trails. The pioneers added their own kind of markings and made other paths through the forest. In an old guide to travelers, we read “The tracks or roads from one settlement to another in the woods are marked by one notch in the trees for a footpath, two for a

bridle road, and three for a wagon route." These trails were called "traces" by the early map-makers. Pioneer wagons creaked their slow way along them.

In time, the Government had the land surveyed. But improvement of the roads came slowly. Stagecoaches began to be driven from one part of the state to another. The danger from Indians and highway robbers was great, and floods or deep drifts of snow often stopped travel entirely. The mail seldom came more often than once a week.

The settlers managed to do most things for themselves. But there were some supplies, like salt, which they had to get from other places. They urged the government to help improve the roads. Slowly plans were worked out. In one of them, every man who owned land in the settlement spent a certain amount of time working on the roads. If he could not give his time, he paid a tax. The workers sometimes laid tree trunks or planks side by side to make the roadbed. Such roads were always rough, but they were better than the sink holes, which, in swampy places, could suck down the wagon wheels or bog the horses.

By another plan, toll roads were built. The man who built or improved a section of road owned the right to charge a sum of money to those who used it. He could bar the entrance to his road with a gate and collect money there. This "toll" helped to pay him for his labor or for the use of his land. In the early days, travelers expected to pay toll at bridges and ferries.

Gradually, roads kept up by taxes became common. Safer and better highways were built. The use of the automobile made good roads a necessity. Today, we can speed hundreds of miles over perfect pavement. By day or night, clear markers show the way, or warn of danger. Roads leading east and west are given even numbers. North and south highways have odd numbers.

Lights make travel possible from dusk until dawn. But in many places, we still follow the old trails. On the map, we read, "This is the old Kaskaskia Trail," "Here is the Kellogg Trail to the lead mines of Galena," "At this spot begins the famous Sauk Trail for Canada."

In old records, we find that a number of Chicago's busy streets once were Indian trails. Some streets were paths that led to Fort Dearborn. The Great Trail, later Lake Street, was one of the earliest in the region. John Kinzie walked along it many times. The Kinzie children used it often for skating, sleigh-riding, and New Year's calling. A part of Hubbard's Trail was the beginning of State Street. The northwest plank or corduroy road ran along the Milwaukee Trail. Today, we know it as Milwaukee Avenue. Out from Chicago, Ridge Avenue long ago was the Ridge Trail.

Another famous old trail that has kept its name since the earliest days of the white man is Green Bay Road. You remember, Marquette and Jolliet came across Lake Michigan and down into Green Bay. Even in their day, the Woods Pottawattamies of Wisconsin were using it to come to the buffalo hunting grounds, or to trade with their brothers, the Prairie Pottawattamies, of northern Illinois. They also came to hold council under a famous old tree which, not long ago, was still standing near Glenview. This cottonwood was six hundred years old and was said to be the largest tree in the whole Mississippi Valley. After its top was gone, its hollow trunk had room for more than thirty people at one time.

Along these old trails a few of the Indian marker trees still stand. The trail tree you see in the picture shows clearly how the Indians bent the trunk and how the branches kept on growing, reaching upward toward the sunlight. This tree stands near the shores of Lake Michigan at Winnetka. At the north

end of Turnbull Woods, a Cook County Forest Preserve north of Glencoe, a bronze tablet now marks the spot where another of these curious trees long stood. There is an interesting trail tree near Genoa, and in other places these old markers are being preserved. We should cherish them. They are living reminders of the early trails of Illinois.



Urbana

URBANA and Champaign are Illinois' twin cities. They lie almost in the center of our rich prairie land. But Urbana is older. When the Illinois Central Railroad built its tracks two miles out of town, the people of Urbana indignantly said, "We'll not move. We will get along without a railroad." Rapidly a new town sprang up near the depot. In time, it grew into the bustling city of Champaign. Although Urbana and Champaign are divided by only one street, each has its own laws.

In these twin cities is located the University of Illinois. The land for an agricultural college was given to Illinois by our Congress in Washington. Its early students were young men who came to learn how to be better farmers. Today, thousands of women and men attend the University of Illinois. Work is offered in all subjects.

The college is very large, but it is a friendly place. Urbana has an observatory, a stadium for ball games, a theater for plays, and its own radio station. In





warm weather, there is swimming, and in winter, ice skating. In the fall, band concerts or singing out of doors can be heard. Along the shady streets are handsome buildings. A statue of Abraham Lincoln, by Lorado Taft, is of special interest on the campus.

Students help to raise fine cattle, poultry, sheep, and hogs on the University farms. Many visitors come to ask questions about experiments that are being made in feeding and breeding prize animals. Thanksgiving turkeys are sold, and praised for their sweet, tender meat. A spotless dairy furnishes milk and cheese. These products are delivered daily to those who work for the University, and to people who live in the towns. There are greenhouses where flowers and vegetables are grown. The chrysanthemum show is beautiful. The University carries on experiments with seeds. In one of them seeds are treated with chemicals to produce plants without soil.

The Indians who roamed the Illinois woods and prairies, knew how to use many of the native plants for medicine. The early white settlers also learned their use. Students are being taught to know and to conserve the plants that are left.

In the locomotive school a model engine is kept. Young mechanics examine and learn about every part. They marvel at another large machine called the Emery-Tatnall. It can push or pull three million pounds, and is used to test concrete, or steel columns for buildings. A powerful heating plant carries live steam two miles. Like a city, the University has its own complete fire department.

In another building where pottery is made, one may see an experiment in

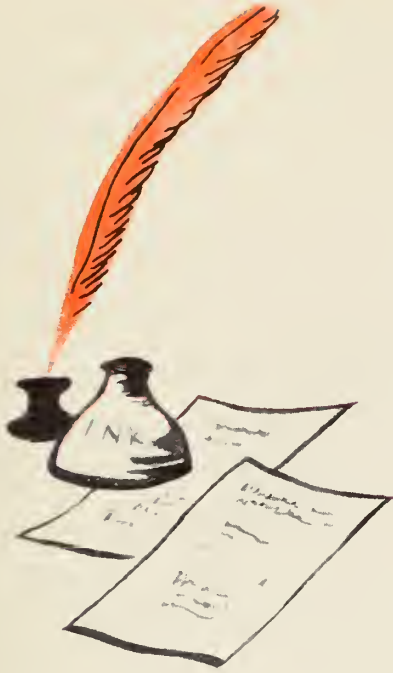
improving enamel pans. Hundreds are broken up to learn how to plan for better ones. Good pans must stand a great deal of heat and must not scratch or chip.

Some Illinois schools write to the University for mineral exhibits. Others are loaned the educational motion picture films and glass slides. It is much more interesting to learn about electricity, light, or heat from a movie. And how exciting it is to see in an historical film the march of George Rogers Clark!

Urbana teaches grown-ups, too. It helps the farmer to plan his crops, and test his soil. To those who cannot leave home to go to college, the University of Illinois sends books and lessons.

Our state has many other good colleges. Some young people choose Northwestern, Loyola, or the University of Chicago. Each university is a group of colleges. If a student wishes to be a doctor, he goes to a school which offers that training. If he wishes to be a lawyer, he may select another school. Teachers, too, may do work in courses planned to help them. Today, schools are becoming more skillful in guiding young people to choose their life work wisely.





Verses of our Poets

POETRY stirs our imagination and lifts our spirit. Illinois has had many poets whose verses we treasure. We should like to mention a few.

During the war between the States, George Root of Chicago, wrote "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," and "The Battle Cry of Freedom."

His songs were so popular that they were sung around the Union camp fires. During the World War, John Alden Carpenter's "Homeland" cheered our soldiers.

To Harriet Monroe, poetry was a lovely, bright, and joyous thing. She published a magazine of verse, called "Poetry." In it she printed poems of young Illinois writers. This gave them courage to go on with their work.

Although Eugene Field was not born in Illinois, he spent most of his life in Chicago. He liked and understood young people. Field loved his own children devotedly and passed many happy hours with them. He kept their worn-out toys and proudly exhibited them as his beautiful treasures. For his own family, he wrote "Little Boy Blue," and "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod."

A number of Illinois mothers have done verses for their children. Frances

Shaw, Marion Strobel, Dorothy Aldis, and Rowena Bastin Bennett have pointed out some of the lovely things of nature—like a rainy day, the bright hues of the rainbow, the winged shoes of the wind, the soft new grass of spring, and the dove gray of a winter's sky.

Another well-known Illinois poet was Vachel Lindsay. He began rhyme-making during long tramps over the country. He would stop at people's doors to give them a little poem in exchange for his supper or a place to sleep. In his verses we see how much he loved beauty, and enjoyed everyday things. His friend, Edgar Lee Masters, wrote an interesting life of Lindsay. For many years Masters practiced law in Chicago, and wrote poetry and books. His famous "Spoon River Anthology" tells a story in verse of a tiny town like New Salem. It too was located on a river, called the Spoon. In it, Masters imagines what the lives of its citizens were. His people seem real. In his book of poems called "Starved Rock," Masters compares the great rock to an old man with "sleepless eyes."

Today, Carl Sandburg is Illinois' best-known author. In his life of Abraham Lincoln and in his poetry, we find his greatness. Although he himself is strong, Sandburg is tender toward the weak. He comforts those who suffer, and cares deeply for little children and animals. Here is one of his short poems. Perhaps you already know it. It tells a whole story.

The Fog *

The fog comes on little cat feet,
It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

*Reprinted from *Chicago Poems* by Carl Sandburg. Copyright 1916, by Henry Holt and Company, New York.

We have spoken only of grown-up poets. But children also write verses. We have chosen a few to encourage more children to write about everyday things. After hearing Emerson's poem on thankfulness, an eight-year-old boy tells what children are thankful for today. He said:

“For my friends and the games we play,
For the food we eat and the world so gay,
For the books we read and for each happy day,
Father we thank thee.”

Watching a snowfall, a twelve-year-old child wrote,

“The bird's nest is covered,
Where once it had hovered.”

To show the happy part of winter, she said,

“But as I slowly trudge along,
Singing merrily my song,
I see deep footprints in the snow
And winter's here at last, I know!”

We like what an eight-year-old child said about autumn.

“Leaves fall slowly,
Leaves fall fast,
Leaves fall everywhere—
Skies are overcast.”

This is a Christmas poem called “Feeling.”

“Just before Christmas
There comes a feeling into my life.
A feeling that's warm and cozy and nice,
That feeling is children and their love for Christ.”

Sometimes, we have poetic thoughts that we do not wish to put into verse. A little girl who loved nature was eight years old when she chose this way of writing:

“The fresh smell of the pine in the deep woods. In the early morning dawn. Give me a present of nature. With the snow fluttering down, down. Past the wooded forest. Over the hill. Snowing snowing. A present wrapped in falling snow. . . The woods and the smell of the snow on the trees. In our warm cabin out of the window we see nature’s present.”

From a group of children trying to describe what happened during a storm, we have:

“Terrific wind.
It is cold.
The house shivers.
Trees are blown down.
Shingles are scattered.
Signs fall off buildings.
Nests are blown down.
Ships on the shore are bashed.
Lightning flashes past the windows
 and tears the pavement.
More branches fall.
Suddenly it is dark.”

Often children write long poems, but when they read them over, only a

small part seems important. Each of the following tells a whole story about fire:

“Fire is a big tough trying to light the sky.”

“Flames flash through the forests of green
Endlessly rising.”

“A great field is afire,
Orange tongues leap up to the sky.
Heat rushes toward me.”

“Flames eat the walls
Parent eyes
And children eyes
Are red and full of tears.”

After reading and talking about the woods, a nine-year-old child wrote,

“I went walking through the woods one day,
The leaves were waving,
Wild animals were calling,
The birds were talking.
The little flowers were laughing.
I thought I heard someone.
But it was only the birds.
I went on walking,
Walking through the woods.”



The Broad Waterways

WHEN we look at the map, we see waterways on three sides of Illinois. The longest of these is on the west. There, the Mississippi River extends hundreds of miles—the whole length of the state. You remember that the Indians called the Mississippi the “Father of Waters.” On the south, flows the Ohio. Its name means “Beautiful River.” Southward, into the Ohio, flows the Wabash. Much of its length marks our eastern boundary. At the northeast, we see Lake Michigan. Winding its way down through the state for many miles, is the Illinois River.

The Algonquins paddled their light canoes mile after mile down the streams. The rivers carried the restless tribes back and forth on their trips for hunting and trading. Along the green banks the Indians lived, hunted, and fished.



The early French were guided to the waterways by the Indians. They used them and valued their help. Later when settlers came, boats carried meat, corn, and furs down the Mississippi to New Orleans. An old record says that in one year fifteen thousand deerskins were taken down the river from Illinois. The boats returned filled with Southern products—such as rice and indigo—and European goods, like clothes and furniture. Sometimes it took nine months to go down to New Orleans and back.

Many people came to Illinois on its waterways. They piloted their boats down the Ohio. Others sailed the Great Lakes to begin life in Chicago. Traders pushed their rafts northward against the swift current of the Mississippi River. It was a center of travel for the whole valley. When steamboats came to be used the waterways were even more important.

The winding course of the Mississippi leads to busy towns and quiet villages. It flows by sunny prairies, and smiling valleys. It skirts deep forests and wooded hills. It passes lacy waterfalls and tall bluffs. It moves gently through swamp lands and grassy levees. Into it come tiny brooks, shallow creeks, rushing torrents, and wide deep streams. Big flour mills and manufacturing plants use its power. The Mississippi joins with the railroads in hauling commerce quickly and cheaply.

But there were times when it became





a bad neighbor. Its floods have swept away whole towns. Long ago, it overflowed its banks and carried off the town of Kaskaskia. In recent years, its high waters have many times destroyed homes, bridges, property, as well as people.

The Illinois, with its many branches, flows into the Mississippi. The early explorers called it "Mighty Crooked Water." It has many twists and turns. People delight to visit Starved Rock, and tell the old legend. Lovers' Leap, and Buffalo Rock are other landmarks along its banks. Tow boats still carry their cargoes up and down the stream.

At Chicago are the sparkling waters of Lake Michigan. The Indians called it the "Lake of the Illini." In summer Lake Michigan brings rest and change. Many people spend their holidays along its shores. The lake gathers up the heat. It is called Chicago's "air-conditioner."

Today, more freight enters and clears at Chicago than at any other port of the United States except New York. Passenger steamers are safe and comfortable. In summer one can sail away on a pleasure cruise. The lake carries huge vessels filled with products from farms, forests, and mines. Engineers keep close watch over the water level.

To connect the rivers and lake, canals have been needed. Long ago, a small one was built at Chicago to join Lake Michigan with the Illinois River. The settlers traveled on it until the roads were made. They shipped their goods by water because it was cheap. Time passed. A large canal was built. The Great-Lakes-to-Gulf-Canal brought large ships from the Atlantic Ocean and

the Great Lakes. It carried boats to the Mississippi, and onward all the way to the Gulf. Years before, La Salle had dreamed of an inland waterway. Now, from the Atlantic Ocean, boats enter the Great Lakes. They travel safely along the Canal. They sail down the Mississippi, and finally reach the Gulf of Mexico.

The "X" Sign

ILLINOIS tries to keep every boy and girl safe. Pioneer children had to learn to stay on the trails, and to keep a sharp lookout for snakes and wild animals. Mothers taught their daughters how to use the native herbs for medicines, and how to nurse the sick. Strong boys willingly ran miles to give warnings of danger or to get help.

Modern comforts have brought modern safety problems. Today, children are becoming alert to them. We find that a large number of accidents happen at home. Most houses have stairs. Boys and girls can help keep them clear. It is fun to sweep off snow and ice and this can be a safety help, too.

Electricity is a modern friend. Yet if we do not follow the rules for its use, it can become a danger. Wet hands in contact with the current, or carelessness in turning it off, cause many home accidents.





Doctors have learned to make use of a number of drugs to help us when we are ill or to keep us well. Their directions must be followed carefully. Bottles and boxes must be labeled. A sign like an “X” is a warning. It is a signal of danger.

The fire which burned nearly all of old Chicago happened in October. Now, each year at that time, the state keeps Fire Prevention Week. Children are taught the risks of fire and how to avoid them.

Every child likes to play in the water and wants to learn to swim. He also should know how to be safe in the water. As he grows older, he may learn how to save lives. But, most important, he must learn how to take care of himself.

You would laugh if asked, “Do you know how to walk?” Yet walking in busy traffic takes skill and watchfulness. In the country, boys and girls must walk along the busy roads facing oncoming traffic. In the city, a wise child always watches the signal lights, and obeys them. As he goes to and from school in many places, the Safety Patrol does a fine job of helping him cross without an accident.

As soon as they are able, children want to ride bicycles. From the beginning, they should learn that bicycles are much like automobiles. Many of the same rules apply to drivers of both. Boys and girls look forward to being good drivers some day. Now is the time to start.

Illinois makes thoughtful rules about busses which carry children to and from school. Signs along the highway warn other motorists not to pass a bus loading or unloading school children. The driver must be tested and he is

trained to stop at each railroad crossing. The big yellow busses carrying thousands of boys and girls to and fro each day are a fine proof that driving can be safe.

We hear a lot about safety, but too much cannot be said or done to guard it. The National Safety Council plan to make a careful report of each accident which requires the care of a doctor, or involves the loss of school time, is now well known. The work being done is important and we can all help.

When the railroad crossings were becoming common, people tried to think of a good sign to warn drivers of danger. The big "X" signal came to stand for "Stop, Look, and Listen." Today, in our modern world, many automatic signals are used. Understanding and following their warnings is a part of learning to live well.





The Goodly Years

WHY DO WE praise the years that are passed? One reason is that fine men and women lived in them. Our pioneers were strong and good. They needed courage, and they had it. Hardships and lack of money did not stop their plans for the future. They worked hard and dared to try new things. There was more work than play. Patiently, they built for the future. And their “future” is our present time.

We touch an electric button. The room is filled with shining light or a huge machine starts working. Or a clever electric control records the amount of light or heat that is needed. It turns the current off and on without human touch. We have these electric helpers because long ago someone thought of harnessing the water power of the streams. This power, or that from burning coal, now furnishes our electricity.

We wish to send a message quickly. It may go by airmail, radio, telephone, or telegraph. We seldom pause to remember that in the beginning news could be carried only on foot or horseback through forest trails and muddy roads, or on boats which men had to paddle up the rivers.

We keep our food and milk fresh and pure in a spotless refrigerator. Pioneers placed milk and butter in a little house, built over a spring or running brook.

By turning a faucet, we have hot and cold water instantly. It used to be drawn from an old-fashioned well and heated over an open fireplace.

People of all ages, from grandmothers to babies, fly in safety. In fast planes they speed away on the wings of the wind. How often do we stop to remember how slow travel was in an ox-drawn wagon?

Along with the spirit of progress went the will to keep the people free and equal. In Illinois every man was welcome. He thought and spoke what he liked. He chose his work and built his home. Each man was as good as another.

Many true stories are told of poor young men who found their way to success in Illinois. Marshall Field worked hard in a dry goods store. He had only his hands and good sense to help him. When the great fire swept over Chicago, he worked all night to try to save Potter Palmer's goods. As time passed, he learned what people wanted to buy, and sold it to them. His store became the pride of the country. When he died he left a large amount of money to build a great museum.

Later, another youth, John Shedd, came to Illinois after crossing the ocean. He too found a place to work in the same store. He became a leader in city life. Today, the Shedd Aquarium in Chicago honors his memory.

Large numbers of boys came to Illinois seeking their fortune. Because they wanted a better education, they worked on farms, in steel mills, and washed dishes in hotels. Employers and teachers were kind and helpful. The training they received made it possible for them to hold positions of trust.

Some of them became leaders in the world of art, music, and literature. They liked the American way of living. They passed it on to their sons.



Zeal

HERE WE COME to our last chapter. It is called "Zeal." A person of warm heart and eager mind is said to be "full of zeal." As we think of the pioneer, who deserves to be described by these words? We think carefully, and then we answer quickly, "The pioneer mother!" We remember that she was sad to leave her parents and friends in the East. But she came with a loving heart to the wilderness and shared its hardships. She kept her faith and courage.

She used well what she had, and planned an easier life for her children. Hope shone in her eyes.

As soon as the little log house was built the mother set about making it cozy and comfortable. At the windows she hung clean curtains. On the rough board floor she laid rag rugs, which she had painstakingly braided. She scrubbed her pots and pans. On the mantel shelf she placed her precious pewter plates and candlesticks. On the bed she spread





her patchwork quilts of many pieces. In the fireplace she carefully prepared the family food. How good the corn meal mush, fresh fish, and wild turkey tasted! She tried new ways to make little treats of the daily food.

The pioneer mother knitted socks. She carded the snowy white wool and wove yards and yards of heavy goods for clothing. She beat the coarse flax fibers for linen sheets and towels. She made candles and soap. She boiled the maple sap for sugar. She churned butter and pressed it into pretty molds. She dried fruits and vegetables to store away for the winter. She made medicine from herbs and learned to nurse the sick. Throughout her busy day, she was spick-and-span and serene.

On Sunday, a dignified lady, she went to church. She often invited the visiting preacher to dinner. But she also managed to teach Sunday school in her little cabin.

Her children had to work so hard, she tried to give them fun, too. She taught them to dance the "Virginia Reel" and "Prairie Queen." Such games as "Ship to Boston" and "Cat's Cradle" were played with delight. Favorite songs were "Oh, Susanna" and the "Old Oaken Bucket." Happily the mother planned spelling bees, and candy pulls. On long winter evenings she cracked nuts for cookies. Sometimes she told Bible stories, or read aloud by flickering candlelight.

She learned how to shoot a gun, and how to hide her fear of Indians and wild animals. She was too busy doing for others to think about herself.

Today, her children, and her children's children, follow in her footsteps.
We march forward with hopeful hearts, and eager minds.



Illinois

By thy rivers gently flowing,
 Illinois, Illinois,
O'er thy prairies verdant growing,
 Illinois, Illinois,
Comes an echo on the breeze,
Rustling thro' the leafy trees,
And its mellow tones are these,
 Illinois, Illinois,
And its mellow tones are these,
 Illinois.

Not without thy wondrous story,
 Illinois, Illinois,
Can be writ the nation's glory,
 Illinois, Illinois.

Guide to Pronunciation

Al-gon'quin	Mi-chig'me-a
Ap-po-mat'tox	Mo-ing'we-na (Mo-eeng'way-na)
A-qua'ri-um	Pa-poose'
Bi'son (bye-sun)	Père Mar-quette' (Pair Mar-ker')
Ca-ho'ki-a	Pi-erre Me-nard'
Fort Chartres (Shaht-r)	(Pee-air' May-nard')
Fron'ten-ac	Pot-ta-wat'ta-mie
Ga-le'na	(Pot-tah-waht'tah-mee)
Jol-li-et' (Joe-lee-et')	Que-bec' (Kweh-bec')
Kas-kas'ki-a	Quin'cy (Kwin'see)
La-fa-yette'	Reg'ni-er
La Salle' (La Sahl)	Sauk Trail (Sawk Trail)
Mac'ki-nac	Tam-ar'o-a
Me-re-do'si-a	Ton'ti

The pronunciations of Indian names given here are those which competent authorities believe to be the most probable forms.

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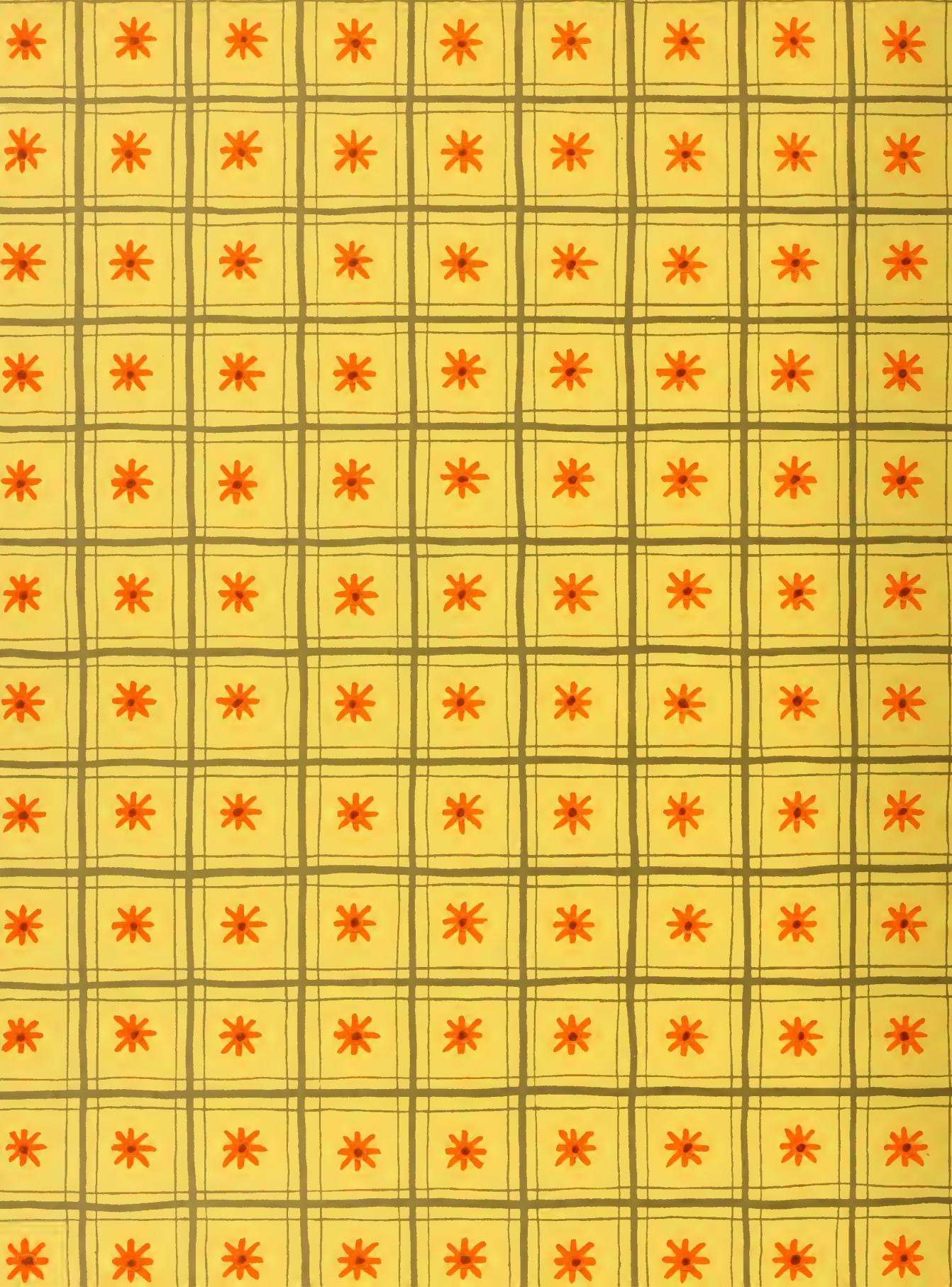
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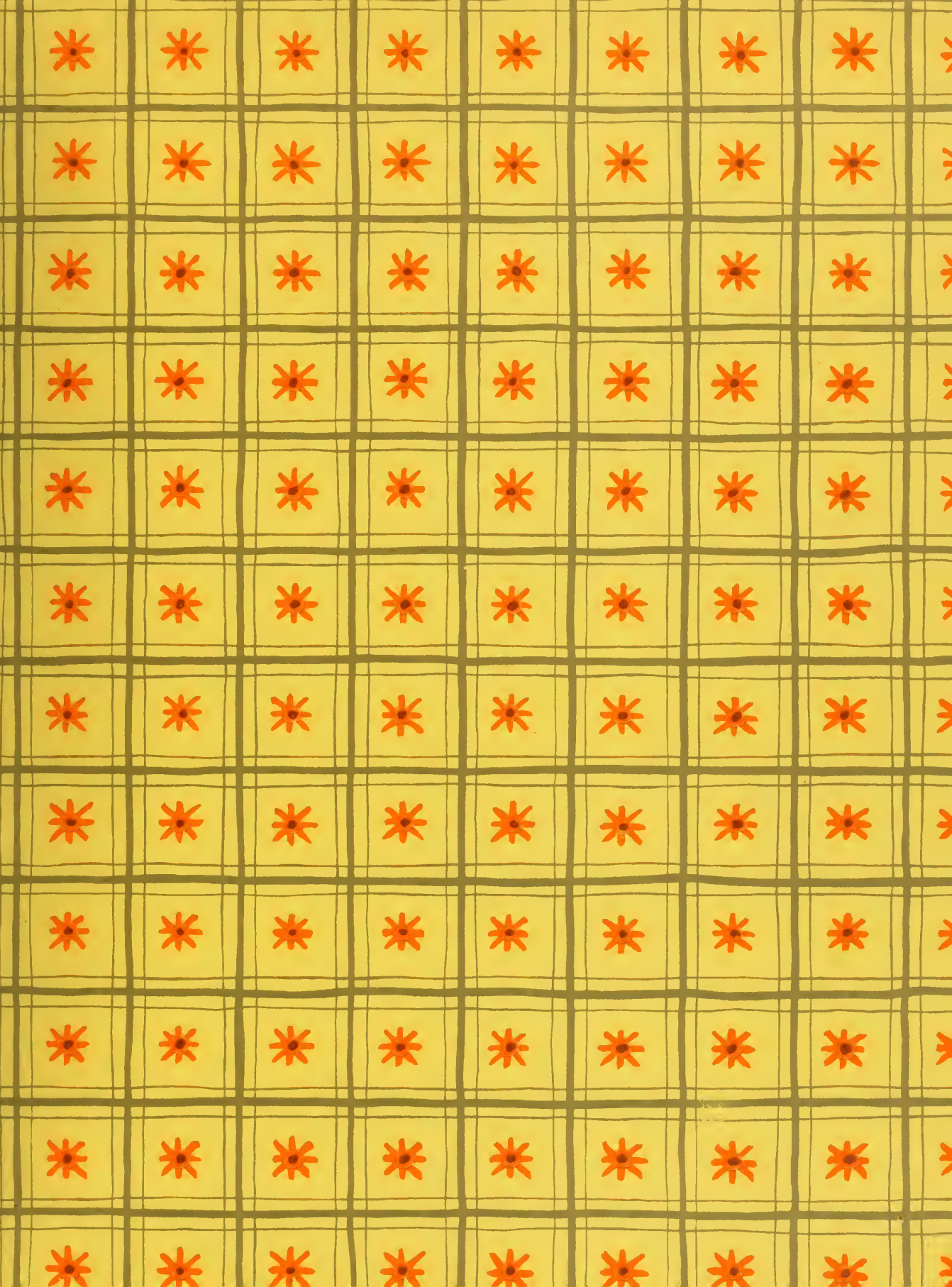
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